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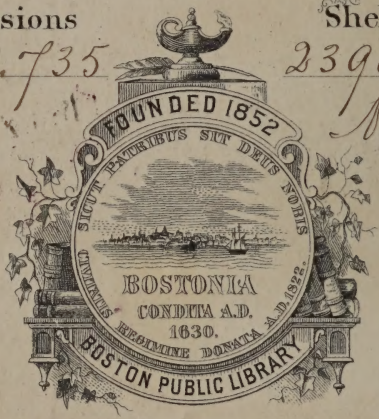

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EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, BOSTON.

Plays for Amateur Theatricals.

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BEING

SERIOUS, HUMOROUS, PATHETIC, PATRIOTIC, AND DRAMATIC SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY

FOR

READINGS AND RECITATIONS

EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER

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THE READING-CLUB.

BACK FROM THE WAR.

I NEVER realized what this country was and is as on the day when I first saw some of these gentlemen of the Army and Navy. It was when, at the close of the war, our armies came back, and marched in review before the President's stand at Washington. I do not care whether a man was a Republican or a Democrat, a Northern man or a Southern man, if he had any emotion of nature he could not look upon it without weeping. God knew that the day was stupendous, and he cleared the heaven of cloud and mist and chill, and sprung the blue sky as a triumphal arch for the returning warriors to pass under. From Arlington Heights the spring foliage shook out its welcome, as the hosts came over the hills, and the sparkling waters of the Potomac tossed their gold to the feet of the battalions as they came to the Long Bridge and in almost interminable line passed over. The Capitol never seemed so majestic as that morning, snowy white, looking down upon the tides of men that came surging down, billow after billow. Passing in silence, yet I heard in every step the thunder of conflicts through which they had waded, and seemed to see dripping from their smoke-blackened flags the blood of our country's martyrs. For the best part of two days we stood and watched the filing on of what seemed endless battalions, brigade after brigade, division after division, host after host, rank beyond rank; ever moving, ever passing; marching, marching; tramp, tramp, tramp, — thousands after thousands, battery front, arms shouldered, columns solid, shoulder to shoulder, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, nostril to nostril.

Commanders on horses whose manes were intwined with roses, and necks enchained with garlands, fractious at the

shouts that ran along the line, increasing from the clapping of children clothed in white, standing on the steps of the Capitol, to the tumultuous vociferation of hundreds of thousands of enraptured multitudes, crying Huzza! Huzza! Gleaming muskets, thundering parks of artillery, rumbling pontoon-wagons, ambulances from whose wheels seemed to sound out the groans of the crushed and the dying that they had carried. These men came from balmy Minnesota, those from Illinois prairies. These were often hummed to sleep by the pines of Oregon, those were New-England lumbermen. Those came out of the coal-shafts of Pennsylvania. Side by side in one great cause, consecrated through fire and storm and darkness, brothers in peril, on their way home from Chancellorsville and Kenesaw Mountain and Fredericksburg, in lines that seemed infinite they passed on.

We gazed and wept and wondered, lifting up our heads to see if the end had come; but no! Looking from one end of that long avenue to the other, we saw them yet in solid column, battery front, host beyond host, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, nostril to nostril, coming as it were from under the Capitol. Forward! Forward! Their bayonets caught in the sun, glimmered and flashed and blazed, till they seemed like one long river of silver, ever and anon changed into a river of fire. No end to the procession, no rest for the eyes. We turned our heads from the scene, unable longer to look. We felt disposed to stop our ears, but still we heard it, marching, marching; tramp, tramp, tramp. But hush, — uncover every head! Here they pass, the remnant of ten men of a full regiment. Silence! Widowhood and orphanage look on, and wring their hands. But wheel into line, all ye people! North, South, East, West — all decades, all centuries, all milleniums! Forward, the whole line! Huzza! Huzza!

T. De Witt Talmage.

THE UNCLE.

I HAD an uncle once, — a man
Of threescore years and three;
And when my reason's dawn began,
He'd take me on his knee;
And often talk, whole winter nights,
Things that seemed strange to me.

He was a man of gloomy mood,
And few his converse sought;
But, it was said, in solitude
His conscience with him wrought,
And there, before his mental eye,
Some hideous vision brought.

There was not one in all the house
Who did not fear his frown,
Save I, a little careless child,
Who gambolled up and down,
And often peeped into his room,
And plucked him by the gown.

I was an orphan and alone;
My father was his brother,
And all their lives I knew that they
Had fondly loved each other;
And in my uncle's room there hung
The picture of my mother.

There was a curtain over it,
'Twas in a darkened place,
And few or none had ever looked
Upon my mother's face,
Or seen her pale expressive smile
Of melancholy grace.

One night — I do remember well,
The wind was howling high,
And through the ancient corridors
It sounded drearily —
I sat and read in that old hall;
My uncle sat close by.

I read, but little understood
The words upon the book;
For with a sidelong glance I marked
My uncle's fearful look,
And saw how all his quivering frame
In strong convulsions shook.

A silent terror o'er me stole, —
A strange, unusual dread;
His lips were white as bone, his eyes
Sunk far down in his head;
He gazed on me, but 'twas the gaze
Of the unconscious dead.

Then suddenly he turned him round,
And drew aside the veil
That hung before my mother's face;
Perchance my eyes might fail,
But ne'er before that face to me
Had seemed so ghastly pale.

"Come hither, boy!" my uncle said;
I started at the sound;
'Twas choked and stifled in his throat,
And hardly utterance found:
"Come hither, boy!" then fearfully
He cast his eyes around.

"That lady was thy mother once,
Thou wert her only child;
O God! I've seen her when she held
Thee in her arms, and smiled, —
She smiled upon thy father, boy:
'Twas that which drove me wild!

He was my brother, but his form
Was fairer far than mine;
I grudged not that; he was the prop
Of our ancestral line,
And manly beauty was of him
A token and a sign.

Boy! I had loved her too, — nay, more,
'Twas I who loved her first;
For months, for years, the golden thought
Within my soul was nursed;
He came — he conquered — they were wed;
My air-blown bubble burst!

Then on my mind a shadow fell,
And evil hopes grew rife;
The damning thought stuck in my heart,
And cut me like a knife,
That she, whom all my days I loved,
Should be another's wife!

By heaven! it was a fearful thing
To see my brother now,
And mark the placid calm that sat
Forever on his brow,
That seemed in bitter scorn to say, —
'I am more loved than thou!'

I left my home, I left the land,
I crossed the raging sea;
In vain, in vain; where'er I turned,
My memory went with me;
My whole existence, night and day,
In memory seemed to be.

I came again, I found them here;
Thou'rt like thy father, boy.
He doted on that pale face there;
I've seen them kiss and toy, —
I've seen him locked in her fond arms,
Wrapped in delirious joy!

He disappeared — draw nearer, child;
He died — no one knew how;
The murdered body ne'er was found,
The tale is hushed up now;
But there was one who rightly guessed
The hand that struck the blow.

It drove her mad — yet not his death, —
No, not his death alone:
For she had clung to hope, when all
Knew well that there was none;
No, boy! it was a sight she saw
That froze her into stone!

I am thy uncle, child, — why stare
So frightfully aghast?
The arras waves, but know'st thou not
'Tis nothing but the blast?
I too have had my fears like these,
But such vain fears are past.

I'll show thee what thy mother saw;
I feel 'twill ease my breast,
And this wild tempest-laden night
Suits with the purpose best.
Come hither. Thou hast often sought
To open this old chest.

It has a secret spring; the touch
Is known to me alone;
Slowly the lid is raised, and now —
What see you, that you groan
So heavily? That thing is but
A bare-ribbed skeleton."

A sudden crash — the lid fell down,
Three strides he backwards gave:
"O God! it is my brother's self
Returning from the grave!
His grasp of lead is on my throat!
Will no one help or save?"

That night they laid him on his bed,
In raving madness tossed;
He gnashed his teeth, and with wild oaths
Blasphemed the Holy Ghost;
And, ere the light of morning broke,
A sinner's soul was lost.

H. G. Bell.

THE BABY.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheeke like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get these arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

George MacDonald.

LEGEND OF EASTER EGGS.

Trinity bells with their hollow lungs,
And their vibrant lips and their brazen tongues,
Over the roofs of the city pour
Their Easter music with joyous roar,
Till the soaring notes to the sun are rolled,
As he swings along in his path of gold.

"Dearest papa," says my boy to me,
As he merrily climbs on his mother's knee,
"Why are these eggs that you see me hold
Colored so finely with blue and gold?
And what is the wonderful bird that lays
Such beautiful eggs on Easter days?"

"You have heard, my boy, of the Man who died,
Crowned with keen thorns, and crucified;
And how Joseph the wealthy — whom God reward —
Cared for the corpse of the martyred Lord,
And piously tombed it within the rock,
And closed the gate with a mighty block.

"Now, close by the tomb a fair tree grew,
With pendulous leaves and blossoms of blue;
And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast
A beautiful singing-bird sat on her nest,
Which was bordered with mosses like malachite,
And held four eggs of an ivory white.

"Now, when the bird from her dim recess
Beheld the Lord in his burial dress,
And looked on the heavenly face so pale,
And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail,
Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang,
And out of the depths of her sorrow she sang.

"All night long till the moon was up,
She sat and sang in her moss-wreathed cup, —
A song of sorrow as wild and shrill
As the homeless wind when it roams the hill;
So full of fears, so loud and long,
That the grief of the world seemed turned to song.

"But soon there came through the weeping night
A glimmering angel clothed in white;
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away,
Where the Lord of the earth and heavens lay;
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom,
And in living lustre came from the tomb.

"Now, the bird that sang in the heart of the tree
Beheld this celestial mystery;
And its heart was filled with sweet delight,
And it poured a song on the throbbing night.
Notes climbed on notes, till higher, higher,
They shot to heaven like spears of fire.

"When the glittering, white-robed angel heard
The sorrowing song of the grieving bird,
And heard the following chant of mirth
That hailed Christ risen again on earth,
He said, 'Sweet bird, be forever blest, —
Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed nest!'

"And ever, my child, since that blessed night,
When death bowed down the Lord of light,
The eggs of that sweet bird change their hue,
And burn with red and gold and blue;
Reminding mankind, in their simple way,
Of the holy marvel of Easter Day."

Fitz-James O'Brien.

LUKE.

(IN THE COLORADO PARK, 1873.)

Wot's that you're readin'? — a novel? A novel! — well, darn my skin!
You a man grown and bearded and histin' such stuff ez that in —
Stuff about gals and their sweethearts! No wonder you're thin ez a knife.
Look at me! — clar two hundred — and never read one in my life!

That's my opinion o' novels. And ez to their lyin' round here,
They belong to the Jedge's daughter — the Jedge who came up last year

On account of his lungs and the mountains and the balsam
o' pine and fir;
And his daughter — well, she read novels, and that's what's
the matter with her.

Yet she was sweet on the Jedge, and stuck by him day and
night,
Alone in the cabin up 'yer — till she grew like a ghost, all
white.
She wus only a slip of a thing, ez light and ez up and away
Ez rifle smoke blown through the woods; but she wasn't my
kind — no way!

Speakin' o' gals, d'ye mind that house ez you rise the hill
A mile and a half from White's, and jist above Mattingly's
mill?
You do? Well, now, *thar's* a gal! What! you saw her?
Oh, come now, thar! quit!
She was only bedevlin' you boys, for to me she don't cotton
one bit.

Now she's what I call a gal, — ez pretty and plump as a
quail;
Teeth ez white ez a hound's, and they'd go through a ten-
penny nail;
Eyes that kin snap like a cap. So she asked to know "whar
I was hid?"
She did! Oh, it's jist like her sass, for she's peart ez a
Katydid!

But what was I talking of? — Oh! the Jedge and his
daughter — she read
Novels the whole day long, and I reckon she read them
abed;
And sometimes she read them out loud to the Jedge on the
porch where he sat;
And 'twas how "Lord Augustus" said this, and how "Lady
Blanche" she said that.

But the sickest of all that I heerd was a yarn thet they read
'bout a chap,
"Leather-stocking" by name, and a hunter chock full o' the
greenest o' sap;

And they asked me to hear, but I says, "Miss Mabel, not any for me;
When I likes I kin sling my own lies, and thet chap and I shouldn't agree."

Yet somehow or other she was always sayin' I brought her to mind
Of folks about whom she had read, or suthin belike of thet kind;
And thar warn't no end o' the names that she give me thet summer up here, —
"Robin Hood," "Leather-stocking," "Rob Roy," — oh, I tell you, the critter was queer!

And yet, ef she hadn't been spiled, she was harmless enough in her way;
She could jabber in French to her dad, and they said that she knew how to play;
And she worked me that shot-pouch up thar, which the man doesn't live ez kin use;
And slippers — you see 'em down 'yer — as would cradle an Injin's papoose.

Yet along o' them novels, you see, she was wastin' and mopin' away,
And then she got shy with her tongue, and at last had nothin' to say;
And whenever I happened around, her face it was hid by a book,
And it warn't until she left that she give me ez much ez a look.

And this was the way it was. It was night when I kem up here
To say to 'em all "good-by," for I reckoned to go for deer
At "sun up" the day they left. So I shook 'em all round by the hand,
'Cept Mabel; and she was sick, ez they give me to understand.

But jist ez I passed the house next morning at dawn, some one,
Like a little waver o' mist, got up on the hill with the sun;

Miss Mabel it was, alone — all wrapped in a mantle o' lace —
And she stood there straight in the road, with a touch o' the sun in her face.

And she looked me right in the eye — I'd seen suthin like it before
When I hunted a wounded doe to the edge o' the Clear Lake Shore,
And I had my knee on its neck, and jist was raisin' my knife,
When it give me a look like that, and — well, it got off with its life.

"We are going to-day," she said, "and I thought I would say good-by
To you in your own house, Luke, — these woods and the bright blue sky.
You've always been kind to us, Luke, and papa has found you still
As good as the air he breathes, and wholesome as Laurel Tree Hill.

"And we'll always think of you, Luke, as the thing we could not take away, —
The balsam that dwells in the woods, the rainbow that lives in the spray.
And you'll sometimes think of *me*, Luke, as you know you once used to say,
A rifle smoke blown through the woods, a moment, but never to stay."

And then we shook hands. She turned, but a-suddent she tottered and fell;
And I caught her sharp by the waist, and held her a minit. Well,
It was only a minit, you know, thet ez cold and ez white she lay
Ez a snowflake here on my breast; and then — well, she melted away —

And was gone . . . And thar are her books; but I says not any for me;
Good enough may be for some, but them and I mightn't agree.

They spiled a decent gal ez might hev made some chap a wife;
And look at me! —clar two hundred — and never read one in my life!

Bret Harte.

CASABIANCA.[1]

THE boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm, —
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on: he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud: "Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone?"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair;

[1] Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post, in the battle of the Nile, after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned. He perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father, must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound—
The boy—oh, where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!—

With mast and helm and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young faithful heart.

Mrs. Hemans.

KEEPIN' THE DE'IL OOT.

He cam' to the door o' my heart the nicht Wat Birney kilt puir dog Speed for worritin' his Sou'-Downs.

An' the De'il was a bra knocker. "Dugald Moir," he ca'd, loud an' lang, "opit the door!"

"Nay," said I. "You maun stay oot."

"But I ha'e summat to say."

"I dinna care to listen."

"It's a bit o' gude advice."

"Keep it, then. You'll need it afore you dee."

"But it's aboot Wat Birney. He murdered your auld dog Speed. You maun ha'e revenge."

"The colley was trespassin'."

"Ay, but Wat kilt him i' cauld blood."

"Weel, he had often warnt us baith to keep off o' his groun'."

"But Wat Birney's bin a bad naybor for years."

"An' sae ha'e I, for the matter o' that. We dinna speak."

"Speed's death maun be revenged. Set Wat's fat straw-stack afire. It wad mak' a gran' blaze."

"Nay, nay!" I cried. "Gae lang noo. I willna be your partner i' ony sich doin's!"

At that, the De'il bided awee. But I cud hear him lashin' his tail just outside my heart-door. It was bolted an' barred sae that he cudna walk i'. "Dugald Moir," he ca'd again, "ha'e you buried puir Speed?"

"Nay, Mister De'il. I canna pairt wi' him juist noo."

"Wat's Sou'-Downs will nibble the sod aboon his grave. Better pop owre ane or twa o' them. You ca' then feed your loss wi' a bit o' roast mutton. It wad ainly be tooth for tooth."

"I daurna, auld Timpter. The Maister's Book says: 'Return gude for evil.' Wat's Sou'-Downs are nae mine to kill an' eat."

"Hoot, mon! Was Speed his ain dog to shoot doon i' a minit?"

"But he was worritin' the wee lambs o' the flock."

Here the De'il knockit hard an' strong. "Dugald Moir, Wat ha'e a dog o' his ain. Ca' him up, an' treat him to a bit o' poisoned meat. That wad ainly be tit for tat."

"Nay, again, Mister De'il. Wat's dog Bruce ance fished my bairn oot o' the burn. He's a bra' beast, an' weel worth twa o' puir, meddlin' Speed."

"But that wad ainly mak' your revenge completer."

"I willna tak' revenge. I'll do Wat sum gude turn i' place o' it. I maun heap coals o' fire on his head."

Then the De'il knockit ance mair. "Dugald Moir, I thocht you a mon o' spirit! You'll be the butt o' the country-side. Get even wi' Wat Birney while you ca'. It isna yet too late. He's cumin' up the glen. Speed's killin' was an insult; wipe it oot wi' your fists."

"But sister Bel luvs the lad. He'll be my ain brither sune. I wauna lift a han' to my brither."

"Whist! ha's nae mair your brither than I!"

"Nay, an' thank God for that las'! Gang awa'. You canna enter the heart o' Dugald Moir."

There was a knock at the hoose door just then; an' Wat Birney hissel' entered, wi' Bruce at his heels. Puir Speed lay deid between us.

"W'at wad you ha'e?" I asked, stern-loike, for the De'il was batterin's awa' at my heart's door.

The lad held oot his han'. "I ha'e cam' to mak' peace. We maun be friends."

But I turned awa' i' anger. "We canna. Dinna ask it."

Ay, but the De'il was knockit fas' an' loud then. But Wat Birney cud not ken.

"Bruce ha'e cam' to tak' Speed's place," he said.

It was a bra' giftie, but I wadna heed. "I dinna want him," I cried. "Bring Speed bac' to life — if you ca'."

"I wish I cud, mon, for Bel's sake. We mauna quarrel."

"Knockit him doon!" shouted the De'il, shrill as a bagpipe.

I lifted my arm; but Wat was such a slender lad, I cudna strike.

"Dinna you do it, Dugald. I canna forgi'e a blow," he said. "I kilt puir Speed, but I'm baith ready an' willin' to gi'e you Bruce i' his stead. It will ainly be a fair exchange. Here's the colley, an' my han' on it. Cum, naybor, what say you?"

"Say you willna ha'e his beast or his friendship," whispered the De'il, peerin' i' through my heart's window.

An' I said it.

There were tears i' honest Wat's blu' een. "I'm sair fashed, Dugald. I canna gae hame wi'oot your forgi'eness. It's w'at I cam' for, an' I maun ha'e it. Dinna you min' the day I picht Jeanie oot o' the burn? Ha'e you forgotten that, mon? Bruce an' I togither saved the lassie's life."

"Speed's murder ha'e crosst that oot," I cried.

The De'il was for climbin' richt i' then, but I kept him bac' wi' my next words. "Wat Birney, I may forgi'e you i' time, but it will ainly be for Bel's sake. Gang awa'. The De'il is at wark. I'm nae my ainsel' this nicht. Tak' puir Speed oot, an' bury him. I canna."

The lad fell doon at my feet. "I maun ha'e your forgi'eness first, Dugald Moir. Bel loves us baith, an' we maun love each ither. Say the word noo; say, Wat, it's a' forgi'en an' forgotten." I thocht o' bonnie sister Bel, an' said the words owre; but my heart wasna i' them.

"You dinna mean it," said Wat sadly; "but I'll bury Speed a' the same."

Then he went oot, draggin' the deid beast after him. I fol-

lowed a' unnoticed. Doon i' the glen he dug Speed's grave, an' laid the colley i' it. When he had finished, he knelt aboon it, an' just prayed aloud.

"Lord, forgi'e this day's hasty deed, an' help Dugald Moir to forgi'e it too. He's sair angry wi' me, an' nae wi'oot cause. But thee kens dog Speed weel earned my bullet. Ainly an hour sin he mangled two o' my best Sou'-Downs. But Dugald's hate is worse than a'. I maun ha'e the mon's love an' friendship."

The De'il ga've a great boun' and left my heart's door as I rushed roun' to Wat's side.

"You shall ha'e baith frae this minit," I cried. An' then my arm stole 'boot the lad's neck, juist as I had seen Bel's do on mony a moonlit nicht. He looked at me, bewildered.

"I didna dream you wod hear. But it's juist God's ain gude answer. An' noo you'll tak' Bruce i' Speed's place."

"Yes," I said; for the De'il had vanished.

Slowly we walked bac' to the hoose. Bel met us wi' a kiss for baith, her black een beamin' wi' love and gladness.

She wedded Wat sune after, an' for forty lang years he ha'e been a bra', true brither. The De'il hasna visited me sin'.

Mrs. Findley Braden.

HOW "RUBY" PLAYED.

[Jud Brownin, when visiting New York, goes to hear Rubinstein, and gives the following description of his playing.]

WELL, sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, catty-cornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard-table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been, he'd a tore the entire inside clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

Played well? You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sit down, he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedle-leedled a little on the treble, and twoodle-oodled some on the bass — just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in the way.

And I says to a man settin' next to me, says I, "What sort of fool playin' is that?" And he says, "Heish!" But presently his hands commenced chasin' one another up and down the keys like a parcel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it were sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

"Now," I says to my neighbor, "he's showin' off. He thinks he's a doin' of it; but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me a tune of some kind or other, I'd"—

But my neighbor says, "Heish!" very impatient.

I was just about to get up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and call sleepy-like to his mate; and I looked up, and see that Ruby was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh; some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a little more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day. The sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

And I says to my neighbor, "That's music, that is."

But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

Presently the wind turned; it began to thicken up, and a kind of gray mist came over things. I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain began to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl earrings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces; and then they melted into thin silver streams, running between golden gravels; and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook, that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks

moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold.

The most curious thing was the little white angel boy, like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music brook, and led it on and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards, where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall; and between the black, sharp-top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lit-up windows, and men that loved 'em, but could never get a-nigh 'em, who played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could have cried, because I wanted to love somebody, I don't know who, better than the men with the guitars did.

Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother; and I could a got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing; and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head, and pulled out my hankerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep me from cryin'. My eyes is weak, anyway. I didn't want anybody to be a-gazin' at me a-snivelin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me, mad as blazes. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged, like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright; and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus and a brass band and a big ball all a-goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he gave 'em no rest day or night; he sat every livin' joint in me a-goin'; and, not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped, sprang onto my seat, and jest hollered, —

"*Go it, Rube!*"

Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, "Put him out!" "Put him out!"

"Put your great-grandmother's grizzly-gray-greenish cat

into the middle of next month!" I says. "Tech me if you dare! I paid my money, and you just come a-nigh me!"

With that some several policeman run up, and I had to simmer down. But I could a fit any fool that laid hands on me; for I was bound to hear Ruby out, or die.

He had changed his tune again. He hop-light ladies and tip-toed fine from end to end of the key-board. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church-bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit one by one. I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. . . . Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop — drip, drop — drip, drop, clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as a sweet-heart sweetened with white sugar, mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, "Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrup' me."

He stopt a moment or two to ketch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat-tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks, until she fairly yelled. He knockt her down, and he stampt on her shameful. She bellowed, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and *then* he wouldn't let her up. He ran a quarter-stretch down the low grounds of the bass, till he got clean in the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left, till he got way out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And *then* he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard two'd, he crost over first gentleman, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double-twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty eleven thousand double-bow knots.

By jinks! it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fecht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his centre, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon, — siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder; big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortar, mines, and magazines, — every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rokt; heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, ten-penny nails, Samson in a 'simmon tree, Tump Tompson in a tumbler-cart, roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle — ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle —raddle-addle-addle-addle — riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle — reedle-eedle-eedle-eedle — p-r-r-r-r-rlang! Bang! ! ! ! lang! per-lang! p-r-r-r-r-r ! ! Bang! ! !

With that bang, he lifted himself bodily into the air; and he came down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single, solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted, and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi quivers; and I know'd no mo'.

When I come to, I was under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, a treatin' a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to again. Day was breakin' by the time I got to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and I pledge you my word I did not know my name. The man asked me the number of my room; and I told him, "Hot music on the half-shell, for two!"

PAT AND MISS SKITTY.

ARRAH! you're a throublesome creathur,
Miss Skitty, and that is quite true:
To think I should come from old Ireland,
To be bit by a varmint like you!

Och, now, then be off with your whispers!
Sure, you have no manners at all.
Miss Skitty, indade! I won't *miss* ye,
But lave ye jist flat on the wall.

Bedad, she has slipped through my fingers!
As clean as a whistle she's gone;
And jist as I got right forninst her,
And wanted to pinch her back-bone!

Be aisy, now, Patrick; keep civil:
She's a fairy, maybe, in disguise;
For, light as the seed of a thistle,
Out of sight she entirely flies.

Miss Skitty, Miss Skitty, my darlint,
Come, whisper a word in my ear.
Be aisy, now, Patrick, be aisy;
The bloodthirsty villain is near!

Take that, now! Indade, I have caught her,
And laid her out flat for her wake.
Bedad, my own cheek I've been thumping!
Bad luck! She has made her escape!

Faith, then, my own Skitty, my honey,
'Tis you that are nimble of wing;
'Tis you has the sweetest of voices;
Come, teach me the tunes that ye sing.

Whist! All unbeknownst I'll steal on her;
She's settled hersel' on the pane.
Confess all your sins, now, Miss Skitty:
You'll ne'er say a prayer again.

Och, now, what has happened the winder?
By my soul, the fairy's slipped through!
An' what shall I say to the missus?
For she's left a hole in it, too!

Bedad, I have cut my own knuckles!
But sorra a bit would I care,
If only I hurted the torment
As much as the loss of a hair.

Faith, she's an ill-mannered creathur,
A stain on the land of the free, —
That the likes of her should be spilling
The best blood on this side the sea!

I wisht I was back in old Ireland;
Or else that Saint Pat lived below,
To banish the vile Miss Skitties,
As he banished the snakes long ago.

Bessie Bently.

YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

'Twas on the shores that round the coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone, on a piece of stone,
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he;
And I heard this wight on the shore recite
In a singular minor key, —

"Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And a mate of the 'Nancy' brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

And he shook his fists, and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking;
And so I simply said, —

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea!
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the 'Nancy' brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trowsers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn;
And, having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn: —

"'Twas on the good ship 'Nancy Bell,'
That we sailed to the Indian sea;
And there on a reef we came to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all of the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the Nancy's men
Said 'Here' to the muster-roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the 'Nancy' brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and the midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a hungry we did feel:
So we drawed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the 'Nancy's' mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors staid.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left;
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did;
And the cook he worshipped me.
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom.
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be.
I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do;
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can — and will — cook *you!*'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he ne'er forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
'Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less;
And as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see.

. . . . . .

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never larf nor play;
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have, which is to say, —

"Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the 'Nancy' brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

W. S. Gilbert.

BEYOND THE WALLS.

'Twas Christmas Eve of Eighty-One;
Light, feathery flakes came floating down,
And lay upon the whitening earth,
Pure as an angel at its birth;
Like sharpened blade cut the keen air,
While frosted drops flecked beard and hair.
Rude Boreas rushed all abroad;
While old St. Nick packed his gay horde,
And started on his yearly way,
With eight reindeer and well-filled sleigh.
'Tis meet that joy should reign to-night,
In happy hearts and faces bright.
To-night let strife and anger cease,
To-night we hail the Prince of peace.
Poor hearts, to whom no joy e'er comes
From loving friends or happy homes!
Poor hearts, whose only hope of rest
Is when the turf lies on their breast!
Ye who rejoice in Christmas chime,
Think on the poor at such a time.

Among the motley, eager throng
Who pass the crowded street along,
Came one with clothing thin and old,
Shivering and pinched with bitter cold.
His hoary locks were long and scant,
His features bore the marks of want;
And shambling on his weary way,
Unheeded by the young and gay,
He asked, in accents soft and mild,
Help in the name of the Christ Child.

Before him rose a mansion fair,
With grand, aristocratic air.
Light forms were flitting to and fro,
Distinct in the bright gas-light's glow.
The ruddy flame from marble hearth
Revealed young faces full of mirth;
And all looked bright and pure and fair,
As though an angel lingered there.

A youth with gay and smiling face
Came down the steps with easy grace.
He scorned the eager, outstretched hand
Extended almost with command.
"Give! give! oh, give! on such a night,
When all to you is fair and bright.
I'm freezing — starving — dying, too.
Oh, give, as God has given to you!"
The youth turned off with careless air,
Nor deigned an answer foul or fair.

He stood with fascinated gaze
Beneath the light's concentred rays,
Till, on a sudden gust of wind,
The massive doors rolled in behind,
Where vestibule with friendly air
Shut in the polished walnut stair.
The inner door half open blew,
And lo! a tempting vision threw;
Its meshes wove by Satan's power,
And fastened in an evil hour.
An overcoat, so warm, so new,
Was there exposed to longing view;
And, with a quick, impulsive bound,
One hasty glance he cast around:
He seized the coat, — then down he flew.
But flying feet his steps pursue;
The Law, with firm and eager clutch,
Arrests as thief, and finds him such.

While lodged within four prison walls,
His sin he bitterly recalls.
Twelve weary months his sentence read,
Twelve weary months passed o'er his head,
On pallid brow and trembling frame,
Consumption wrote her awful name.
The glassy eye and hectic cheek,
In death's deep, hollow whispers speak;
And racking cough and weary sigh
Fill up the hours as they roll by.

The morn was fair, and earth was bright,
And gayly danced the rosy light.

Twelve weary months draw near their close.
The warm life current ebbs and flows,
As calm he rests upon his bed;
Thoughts of the morrow fill his head, —
When the strong gates should open be,
And he go forth — a man — and free!

"You're almost through," the warden said,
Pausing beside the lonely bed.
"Yes, warden, yes. I'm almost through.
Just one more day to stay with you.
One more night in those gloomy halls,
And I shall be beyond the walls.
'Tis Christmas, warden. Happy day.
I shall be free to go my way."
He seized his hand with earnest grasp,
Firmer and stronger grew the clasp.
"Warden, I can't go back to sin;
The victory I want to win.
Give me a coat to keep me warm,
Lest I be tempted again to harm.
The wintry wind is rough and cold,
And, warden, I am growing old.
I want to thank you, warden, now;
You've chased the shadow from my brow.
Now I go to the world again,
Thank God! I know there are such men.
I'll say good-morning, not good-by;
For we're not parting, you and I."

The morning came with frosty air,
And leafless branches, brown and bare.
"Merry Christmas!" the warden said
As he approached the dreamless bed;
"Hurrah! To-day you're free, you know,
Free as the winds that keenly blow;
The law's demands you need not fear,
No hand can longer hold you here."
But, ah! he heaved a sigh,
As he received his mute reply;
For, ere he reached the silent halls,
The prisoner was "beyond the walls."

Cecelia A. Gardiner.

THE EXILE OF THE GAEL.

It is sweet to rejoice for a day —
For a day that is reached at last.
It is well for wanderers in new lands,
Slow climbers toward a lofty mountain pass,
Yearning with hearts and eyes strained ever upward,
To pause, and rest, on the summit,
To stand between two limitless outlooks, —
Behind them, a winding path through familiar pains and ventures;
Before them, the streams unbridged and the vales untravelled.

What shall they do nobler than mark their passage,
With kindly hearts, mayhap for kindred to follow?
What shall they do wiser than pile a cairn
With stones from the wayside, that their tracks and names
Be not blown from the hills like sand, and their story be lost forever?

"Hither," the cairn shall tell, "hither they came and rested."
"Whither?" the searcher shall ask, with questioning eyes on their future.

Hither and whither! O Maker of nations! Hither and whither, the sea speaks,
Heaving; the forest speaks, dying; the summer whispers,
Like a sentry giving up the watchword, to the muffled winter.
Hither and whither, the earth calls wheeling to the sun;
And like ships on the deep at night, the stars interflash the signal.

Hither and whither, the exiles' cairn on the hill speaks, —
Yea, as loudly as the sea and the earth and the stars.
The heart is earth's exile; the soul is heaven's;
And God has made no higher mystery for stars.

Hither — from home! sobs the torn flower on the river;
Wails the river itself as it enters the bitter ocean;
Moans the iron in the furnace at the premonition of melting;

Cries the scattered grain in spring at the passage of the harrow.
In the iceberg is frozen the rain's dream of exile from the fields;
The shower falls sighing for the opaline hills of cloud;
And the clouds on the bare mountains weep their daughter-love for the sea.

Exile is God's alchemy. Nations he forms like metals,
Mixing their strength and their tenderness;
Tempering pride with shame, and victory with affliction,
Meeting their courage, their faith, and their fortitude;
Timing their genesis to the world's needs.

"What have ye brought to our nation-building, sons of the Gael?
What is your burden or guerdon from old Innisfail?
Here build we higher and deeper than men ever built before;
And we raise no Shinar tower, but a temple forevermore.
What have ye brought from Erin that hapless land could spare?
Her tears, defeats, and miseries? Are these, indeed, your share?
Are the mother's caoine and the banshee's cry your music for our song?
Have ye come to feast with a withered wreath and a memory of wrong,
With a broken sword and a treason flag, from your Banba of the seas?
Oh, where in our house of triumph shall hang such gifts as these?"

O soul, wing forth! what answer across the main is heard?
From burdened ships and exiled lips — write down, write down the word.

"No treason we bring from Erin, nor bring we shame nor guilt.
The sword we hold may be broken, but we have not dropped the hilt.
The wreath we bear to Columbia is twisted of thorns, not bays;

And the songs we sing are saddened by thoughts of desolate days.
But the hearts we bring for Freedom are washed in the surge of tears;
And we claim our right by a people's fight outliving a thousand years."

"What bring ye else to the building?"

"Oh, willing hands to toil;
Strong natures tuned to harvest song, and bound to the kindly soil;
Bold pioneers for the wilderness, defenders in the field,
The sons of a race of soldiers who never learned to yield!
Young hearts with duty brimming — as faith makes sweet the due;
Their truth to me their witness, they cannot be false to you."

"What send ye else, old Mother, to raise our mighty wall?
For we must build against kings and wrongs a fortress never to fall."

"I send in cradle and bosom, wise brain and eloquent tongue,
Whose crowns should engild my crowning, whose songs for me should be sung.
O flowers unblown, from lonely fields, my daughters with hearts aglow,
With pulses warm with sympathies, with bosoms pure as snow!
I smile through tears as the clouds unroll — my widening river that runs,
My lost ones grown in radiant growth, — proud mothers of freeborn sons!
My seed of sacrifice ripens apace. The tyrant's cure is disease:
My strength that was dead like a forest is spread beyond the distant seas."

"It is well, ay, well, old Erin! The sons you give to me
Are symbolled long in flag and song, — your Sunburst on the sea.

All mine by the chrism of freedom, still yours by their love's belief;
And truest to me shall the tenderest be in a suffering mother's grief.
Their loss is the change of the wave to the cloud, of the dew to the river and main;
Their hope shall persist through the sea and the mist, and thy streams shall be filled again.
As the smolt of the salmon go down to the sea, and as surely come back to the river,
Their love shall be yours while your sorrow endures, for God guardeth his right forever."

John Boyle O'Reilly.

QUEEN MAB.

Oh, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you!
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;
Her collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies lips, who straight on kisses dream, —
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,

Because their breaths with sweatmeats tainted are:
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathoms deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again.

Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet."

FATHER PHIL'S COLLECTION.

Father Blake was more familiarly known by the name of Father Phil. By either title, or in whatever capacity, the worthy Father had great influence over his parish; and there was a free-and-easy way with him, even in doing the most solemn duties, which agreed wonderfully with the devil-may-care spirit of Paddy. Stiff and starched formality in any way is repugnant to the very nature of Irishmen. There are forms, it is true, and many, in the Romish Church; but they are not *cold* forms, but *attractive* rather to a sensitive people. Besides, I believe those very forms, when observed the least formally, are the most influential on the Irish.

With all his intrinsic worth, Father Phil was, at the same time, a strange man in exterior manners; for, with an abundance of real piety, he had an abruptness of delivery, and a strange way of mixing up an occasional remark to his congregation in the midst of the celebration of the mass, which might well startle a stranger. But this very want of formality made him beloved by the people, and they would do ten times as much for Father Phil as for the severe Father Dominick.

On the Sunday in question, Father Phil intended delivering an address to his flock from the altar, urging them to

the necessity of bestirring themselves in the repairs of the chapel, which was in a very dilapidated condition, and at one end let in the rain through its worn-out thatch. A subscription was necessary; and to raise this among a very impoverished people was no easy matter. The weather happened to be unfavorable, which was most favorable to Father Phil's purpose; for the rain dropped its arguments through the roof upon the kneeling people below, in the most convincing manner; and, as they endeavored to get out of the wet, they pressed round the altar as much as they could, for which they were reproved very smartly by his Reverence, in the very midst of the mass. These interruptions occurred sometimes in the most serious places, producing a ludicrous effect, of which the worthy Father was quite unconscious, in his great anxiety to make the people repair the chapel.

A big woman was elbowing her way towards the rails of the altar; and Father Phil, casting a sidelong glance at her, sent her to the right-about, while he interrupted his appeal to Heaven to address her thus: —

"'*Agnus Dei*' — You'd betther jump over the rails of the althar, I think. Go along out o' that. There's plenty o' room in the chapel below there."

Then he would turn to the altar, and proceed with the service, till, turning again to the congregation, he perceived some fresh offender.

"'*Orate fratres!*' — Will you mind what I say to you, and go along out o' that? There's room below there. Thrue for you, Mrs. Finn, it's a shame for him to be thramplin' on you. Go along, Darby Casy, down there, and kneel in the rain. It's a pity you haven't a decent woman's cloak under you, indeed! '*Orate fratres!*'"

Then would the service proceed again, till the shuffling of feet edging out of the rain would disturb him; and, casting a backward glance, he would say, —

"I hear you there! Can't you be quiet, and not be disturbin' my mass, you haythens?"

Again he proceeded, till the crying of a child interrupted him. He looked around quickly.

"You'd betther kill the child, I think, thramplin' on him, Lavery. Go out o' that. Your conduct is scandalous. — '*Dominus vobiscum!*'"

Again he turned to pray; and, after some time, he made an interval in the service to address his congregation on the

subject of the repairs, and produced a paper containing the names of subscribers to that pious work who had already contributed, by way of example to those who had not.

"Here it is," said Father Phil, "here it is, and no denying it, down in black and white. But if they who give are down in black, how much blacker are those who have not given at all! But I hope they will be ashamed of themselves when I howld up those to honor who have contributed to the uphowlding of the house of God. And isn't it ashamed o' yourselves you ought to be, to lave his house in such a condition? And doesn't it rain a'most every Sunday, as if he wished to remind you of your duty? Aren't you wet to the skin a'most every Sunday? Oh, God is good to you, to put you in mind of your duty, giving you such bitther cowlds that you are coughing and sneezin' every Sunday to that degree that you can't hear the blessed mass for a comfort and a benefit to you! And so you'll go on sneezin' until you put a good thatch on the place, and prevent the appearance of the evidence from Heaven against you every Sunday, which is condemning you before your faces, and behind your backs, too; for don't I see, this minute, a strame o' wather that might turn a mill, running down Micky Mackavoy's back, between the collar of his coat and his shirt?"

Here a laugh ensued at the expense of Micky Mackavoy, who certainly *was* under a very heavy drip from the imperfect roof.

"And is it laughin' you are, you haythens?" said Father Phil, reproving the merriment which he himself had purposely created *that he might reprove it*. "Laughin' is it you are at your backslidings and insensibility to the honor of God,—laughin', because when you come here to be saved, you are lost entirely with the wet? And how, I ask you, are my words of comfort to enter your hearts, when the rain is pouring down your backs at the same time? Sure, I have no chance of turning your hearts, while you are undher rain that might turn a mill. But once put a good roof on the house, and I will inundate you with piety. Maybe it's Father Dominick you would like to have coming among you, who would grind your hearts to powdher with his heavy words. [Here a low murmur of dissent ran through the throng.] Ha, ha! so you wouldn't like it, I see. Very well, very well. Take care, then; for if I find you insensible to my moderate reproofs, you hard-hearted haythens,

you malefacthors and cruel persecuthors, that won't put your hands in your pockets because your mild and quiet poor fool of a pasthor has no tongue in his head! I say, your mild, quiet, poor fool of a pasthor (for I know my own faults partly, God forgive me). And I can't spake to you as you deserve, you hard-living vagabonds, that are as insensible to your duties as you are to the weather. I wish it was sugar or salt that you were made of; and then the rain might melt you, if *I* couldn't. But no. Them naked rafthers grins in your face to no purpose. You chate the house of God. But take care; maybe you won't chate the Divil so aisy. [Here there was a sensation.] Ha, ha! that makes you open your ears, does it? More shame for you. You ought to despise that dirty enemy of man, and depend on something better. But I see I must call you to a sense of your situation, with the bottomless pit undher you, and no roof over you. Oh, dear, dear, dear! I'm ashamed of you! Throth, if I had time and sthraw enough, I'd rather thatch the place myself, than lose my time talking to you. Sure, the place is more like a stable than a chapel. Oh, think of that! — the house of God to be like a stable! For though our Redeemer was born in a stable, that is no reason why you are to keep his house always like one.

"And now I will read you the list of subscribers; and it will make you ashamed when you hear the names of several good and worthy Protestants in the parish, and out of it, too, who have given more than the Catholics."

He then proceeded to read the following list, which he interlarded copiously with observations of his own, making *viva voce* marginal notes, as it were, upon the subscribers, which were not unfrequently answered by the persons so noticed from the body of the chapel; and laughter was often the consequence of these rejoinders, which Father Phil never permitted to pass without a retort. Nor must all this be considered in the least irreverent. A certain period is allowed between two particular portions of the mass, when the priest may address his congregation on any public matter, — an approaching pattern or fair or the like, in which exhortations to propriety of conduct, or warnings against faction, fights, etc., are his themes. Then they only listen in reverence. But, when a subscription for such an object as that already mentioned is under discussion, the flock consider themselves entitled to "put in a word" in case of

necessity. This preliminary hint is given to the reader that he may better enter into the spirit of Father Phil's

SUBSCRIPTION LIST

FOR THE REPAIRS AND ENLARGEMENT OF BALLYSLOUGH-GUTTHERY CHAPEL.

PHILIP BLAKE, P.P.

"'Mick Hickey, £0. 7*s.* 6*d.*' He might as well have made it ten shillings. But half a loaf is betther than no bread."

"Plaze, your Reverence," says Mick, from the body of the chapel, "sure seven and sixpence is more than the half of ten shillings." (A laugh.)

"Oh, how witty you are! Faith, if you knew your prayers as well as your arithmetic, it would be betther for you, Micky."

Here the Father turned the laugh against Mick.

"'Billy Riley, £0. 3*s.* 4*d.*' Of course he means to subscribe again!

"'John Dwyer, £0. 15*s.* 0*d.*' That's something like. I'll be bound he's only keeping back the odd five shillings for a brush full o' paint for the althar. It's as black as a crow, instead o' being as a dove."

He then hurried over rapidly some small subscribers as follows:—

"'Peter Hefferman, £0. 1*s.* 8*d.*

"'James Murphy, £0. 2*s.* 6*d.*

"'Mat Donovan, £0. 1*s.* 3*d.*

"'Luke Dannely, £0. 3*s.* 0*d.*

"'Jack Quigly, £0. 2*s.* 1*d.*

"'Pat Finnegan, £0. 2*s.* 2*d.*

"'EDWARD O'CONNOR, Esq., £2. 0*s.* 0*d.*' There's for you! Edward O'Connor, Esq.,—*a Protestant in the parish*,—two pounds!"

"Long life to him!" cried a voice in the chapel.

"Amen!" said Father Phil. "I'm not ashamed to be clerk to so good a prayer.

"'Nicholas Fagan, £0. 2*s.* 6*d.*

"'Young Nicholas Fagan, £0. 5*s.* 0*d.*' Young Nick is betther than owld Nick, you see.

"'Tim Doyle, £0. 7*s*. 6*d*.

"'Owny Doyle, £1. 0*s*. 0*d*.' Well done, Owny na Coppal! You deserve to prosper, for you make good use of your thrivings.

"'Simon Leary, £0. 2*s*. 6*d*. Bridget Murphy, £0. 10*s*. 0*d*.' You ought to be ashamed o' yourself, Simon! A lone widow woman gives more than you."

Simon answered, "I have a large family, sir; and she has no childher."

"That's not her fault," said the priest. "And maybe she'll mend o' that yet." This excited much merriment; for the widow was buxom, and had recently buried an old husband, and, by all accounts, was cocking her cap at a handsome young fellow in the parish.

"'Jude Moylan, £0. 5*s*. 0*d*.' Very good, Judy. The women are behaving like gentlemen. They'll have their reward in the next world.

"'Pat Finnerty, £0. 8*s*. 4*d*.' I'm not sure if it is 8*s*. 4*d*. or 3*s*. 4*d*., for the figure is blotted; but I believe it is 8*s*. 4*d*."

"It was three and fourpince I gave, your Reverence," said Pat from the crowd.

"Well, Pat, as I said eight and fourpence, you must not let me go back o' my word: so bring me five shillings next week."

"Sure, you wouldn't have me pay for a blot, sir?"

"Yis, I would: that's the rule of backgammon, you know, Pat, — when I hit the mark, you pay for it."

Here his Reverence turned around, as if looking for some one, and called out, "Rafferty, Rafferty, Rafferty! Where are you, Rafferty?"

An old gray-headed man appeared, bearing a large plate; and Father Phil continued, —

"There, now, be active. I'm sending him among you, good people; and such as cannot give as much as you would like to be read before your neighbors, give what little you can towards the repairs; and I will continue to read out the names, by way of encouragement to you, — and the next name I see is that of Squire Egan. Long life to him!

"'Squire Egan, £5. 0*s*. 0*d*.' Squire Egan, five pounds! Listen to that! *A Protestant in the parish*, five pounds! Faith, the Protestants will make you ashamed of yourselves, if you don't take care!

"'Mrs. Flanagan, £2. 0*s.* 0*d.*' Not her own parish, either. A fine lady.

"'James Milligan of Roundtown, £1. 0*s.* 0*d.*' And here I must remark that the people of Roundtown have not been backward in coming forward on this occasion. I have a long list from Roundtown, — I will read it separate" He then proceeded at a great pace, jumbling the town and the pounds and the people in the most extraordinary manner: "'James Milligan of Roundtown, one pound; Darby Daly of Roundtown, one pound; Sam Finnegan of Roundtown, one pound; James Casey of Roundpound, one town; Kit Dwyer of Townpound, one round — pound, I mane; Pat Roundpound — Pounden, I mane — Pat Pounden, a pound, of Poundtown also.' There's an example for you!

"But what are you about, Rafferty? I don't like the sound of that plate of yours. You are not a good gleaner. Go up first into the gallery there, where I see so many good-looking bonnets. I suppose they will give something to keep their bonnets out of the rain; for the wet will be into the gallery next Sunday, if they don't. I think that is Kitty Crow I see, getting her bit of silver ready. Them ribbons of yours cost a thrifle, Kitty. — Well, good Christians, here is more of the subscription for you: —

"'Matthew Lavery, £0. 2*s.* 6*d.*' *He* doesn't belong to Roundtown. Roundtown will be renowned in future ages for the support of the Church. Mark my words, Roundtown will prosper from this day out; Roundtown will be a rising place.

"'Mark Hennessy, £0. 2*s.* 6*d.*; Luke Clancy, £0. 2*s.* 6*d.*; John Doolin, £0. 2*s.* 6*d.*' One would think they had all agreed only to give two and sixpence apiece; and they comfortable men, too! And look at their names, — Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, — the names of the blessed Evangelists; and only ten shillings among them! Oh, they are apostles not worthy the name! We'll call them the poor apostles from this out. [Here a low laugh ran through the chapel.] Do you hear that, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John? Faith, I can tell you that name will stick to you." (Here the laugh was louder.)

A voice, when the laugh subsided, exclaimed, "I'll make it ten shillin's, your Reverence."

"Who's that?" said Father Phil.

"Hennessy, your Reverence."

"Very well, Mark. I suppose Matthew, Luke, and John will follow your example."

"We will, your Reverence."

"Ha! I thought you made a mistake. We'll call you now the faithful apostles, and I think the change in your name is better than seven and sixpence apiece to you.

"I see you in the gallery there, Rafferty. What do you pass that well-dressed woman for? Thry back. Ha! see that. She had her money ready, if you only asked her for it. Don't go by that other woman there. Oh, ho! So you won't give any thing, ma'am! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. There is a woman with an elegant sthraw bonnet, and she won't give a farthing. Well now, afther that, remember — I give it from the althar — that, from this day out, sthraw bonnets pay fi'penny pieces.

"'Thomas Durfy, Esq., £1. 0*s.* 0*d.*' It's not his parish, and he's a brave gentleman.

"'Miss Fanny Dawson, £1. 0*s.* 0*d.*' *A Protestant out of the parish*, and a sweet young lady, God bless her! Oh, faith, the Protestants is shaming you!

"'Dennis Fannin, £0. 7*s.* 6*d.*' Very good indeed for a working mason.

"'Jemmy Riley, £0. ⋈ 5*s.* 0*d.*' Not bad for a hedge carpenther."

"I gave you ten, plaze, your Reverence," shouted Jemmy. "And by the same token, you may remember it was on the Nativity of the blessed Vargin, sir, I gave you the second five shillin's."

"So you did, Jemmy," cried Father Phil. "I put a little cross before it, to remind me of it. But I was in a hurry to make a sick-call when you gave it to me, and forgot it afther. And, indeed, myself doesn't know what I did with that same five shillings."

Here a pallid woman, who was kneeling near the rails of the altar, uttered an impassioned blessing, and exclaimed, "Oh, that was the very five shillings, I'm sure, you gave to me that very day, to buy some little comforts for my poor husband, who was dying in the fever!" And the poor woman burst into loud sobs as she spoke.

A deep thrill of emotion ran through the flock as this accidental proof of their poor pastor's beneficence burst upon them. And as an affectionate murmur began to rise above the silence which that emotion produced, the burly

Father Philip blushed like a girl at this publication of his charity, and, even at the foot of that altar where he stood, felt something like shame in being discovered in the commission of that virtue so highly commended by the Providence to whose worship that altar was raised. He uttered a hasty "Whisht, whisht!" and waved with his outstretched hands his flock into silence.

In an instant one of those sudden changes so common to an Irish assembly, and scarcely credible to a stranger, took place. The multitude was hushed, the grotesque of the subscription-list had passed away and was forgotten, and that same man and that same multitude stood in altered relations, — *they* were again a reverent flock, and *he* once more a solemn pastor. The natural play of his nation's mirthful sarcasm was absorbed in a moment in the sacredness of his office; and, with a solemnity befitting the highest occasion, he placed his hands together before his breast, and, raising his eyes to heaven, he poured forth his sweet voice, with a tone of the deepest devotion, in that reverential call for prayer, "*Orate fratres!*"

The sound of a multitude gently kneeling down followed, like the soft breaking of a quiet sea on a sandy beach. And when Father Philip turned to the altar to pray, his pent-up feelings found vent in tears, and while he prayed he wept.

I believe such scenes as this are of not unfrequent occurrence in Ireland, — that country so long-suffering, so much maligned, and so little understood.

O rulers of Ireland! why have you not sooner learned to *lead* that people by love, whom all your severity has been unable to *drive?*

Samuel Lover.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

DHERE vas many qveer dings in dis land of der free
I neffer could qvite understand;
Der beoples dhey all seem so deefrent to me
As dhose in mine own faderland.
Dhey gets blenty droubles, und indo mishaps
Mitout der least bit off a cause;
Und, vould you pelief it? dhose mean Yankee chaps,
Dhey fights mit dheir moder-in-laws!

Shust dink off a vite man so vicked as dot!
Vhy not gife der oldt lady a show?
Who vas it gets oup, ven der night id vas hot,
Mit mine baby, I shust like to know?
Und den in der vinter vhen Katrine vas sick,
Und der mornings vas shnowy and raw,
Who made righdt avay oup dot fire so qvick?
Vhy, dot vas mine moder-in-law.

Id vos von off dhose woman's righdts vellers I been,
Dhere vas noding dot's mean aboudt me;
Ven der oldt lady vishes to run dot masheen,
Vhy, I shust let her run id, you see.
Und vhen dot sly Yawcob vas cutting some dricks
(A block off der oldt chip he vas, yaw!),
Eef she goes for dot chap like some dousand of bricks,
Dot's all righdt! She's mine moder-in-law.

Veek oudt und veek in, it vas alvays der same,
Dot voman vas boss off der house;
Budt, dhen, neffer mindt! I vos glad dot she came,
She vas kind to mine young Yawcob Strauss.
And vhen dhere vas vater to get vrom der spring,
Und firevood to shplit oup und saw,
She vas velcome to do it. Dhere's not anyding
Dot's too good for mine moder-in-law.

Charles Follen Adams.

STANLEY THE EXPLORER.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER BY COL. FINLEY ANDERSON.

A GREAT poet of our day, one of your devoted friends across the sea, himself a journalist, looking back through the mist of ages to the darker days of India, has revealed to us how the noble life of a native prince was the Light of Asia. Some Edwin Arnold of another century, looking back to this age of ours, may fitly celebrate in sacred numbers the story of our Stanley's life as the Light of Africa. For you are indeed the Sun of the Dark Continent. Its

great explorer, conqueror of chiefs and kings, alike in peaceful parley and defensive warfare, promoter of its moral and material welfare, prophet of its wondrous future, — I have often said that you ought to be its sovereign ruler. In other times than these, you might have been proclaimed and crowned yourself as emperor. But as there are kings among men who are never crowned, and imperial characters who never wear the purple, so without injustice to your noble friend and patron, King Leopold of Belgium, it is fair to say that the men who have directed the destinies of nations, who have done the most for the elevation of humanity, have been not those of royal lineage, but those of humble birth who have climbed from the common level of the masses to the highest mountain-tops of human glory. Such a man was Abraham Lincoln.

Lest we should never have another opportunity of seeing you, — since what the future has in store for any of us is so uncertain, — let me, in the name of all your friends, bid you *bon voyage*, with the assurance that our hearts and hopes are with you wherever you may go.

That marvellous dream of the Empress of Uganda, who saw a beautiful boat with white wings spread out like a great seabird sailing over the waters of the Nyanza, with a white man seated in the stern looking at the land, was afterward actually realized when the king and his court, assembled on the banks listening to her story, were moved as by some heavenly inspiration to welcome you as the messenger of civilization.

Far beyond the Congo to which you are probably returning, far beyond the Nyanza on which the dusky empress had seen your white-winged shallop sailing, there is one more river you have yet to cross, one more country to explore, unknown to you, unknown to us. We hope that your departure on that final expedition may be long delayed. We hope that your passage of that dark, mysterious flood may be as peaceful as your voyage to Uganda. We hope that when you shall have landed on that farther shore and explored the river to its source, it will have led you along pleasant paths to that fountain of youth and life and love that springs eternal from the abode of the Creator.

Finley Anderson.

A BABY PEACEMAKER.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE WAR.

TELL you a story? Well, let me see.
While I am thinking, climb on my knee.
Now you are settled. What shall I tell?
One of the old ones you love so well?
That one about the old fox and bear?
What? Want a new one? Well, I declare!
Want one that's true? Something I have done?
One about Christmas, — all three in one?
What a small tyrant you are, my dear!
I am your prisoner, — waiting here,
Where the fire flashes about the room;
Here you have spoken my awful doom.
And I will tell you this Christmas eve
Something not out of the "make believe,"
Something that happened to me, you know,
Back in the years of the "long ago."

Back in the days of the war, my dear,
Blackened and desolate, far and near,
Lay the whole country, as one dull day
Out from the army we rode away.
Hardly a hundred brave fellows in all
Gallantly sounded the bugle call.
Lightly we trotted along the way
Where the great camp of the Yankee lay.
Crusty and grizzled the captain led,
Nodding and shaking his rough old head;
Crusty and grizzled, and not a trace
Of the least tenderness in his face.
Nobody knew of the golden curl,
Cut from the head of his little girl,
Under the breast of his uniform,
Keeping the fire of his heart still warm.
Silently, sadly we rode away,
Thinking of many a Christmas Day
Back in the years that had gone before, —
Happier days that could come no more.
So we rode on, till the woods were passed,
And the cleared country spread out at last.

Over the fields lying black and dead,
Rode the long line, until, far ahead,
Where the gray river wound slowly through,
Rode out a cavalry line of blue.
"There are the Yankees. Halt!" Quick as thought
Stopped the long line; while with eager snort,
Snuffing the battle, the horses stand;
While in advance — with his rough old hand
Shading his eyes — did the captain look
Long at the foe. Then his gray beard shook
With a rough laugh, as he turned and said,
"We'll try a brush with 'em. Ride ahead."
Over the country we rode full tilt,
Every man clasping his sabre's hilt;
And the fierce enemy saw us too.
Closer yet huddled the line of blue.
Shouting and cheering at us they came,
With their swords flashing above like flame.

But, as we charged on the cheering band,
"Halt!" came the order, in stern command;
And we stopped short in a great surprise,
With a queer picture before our eyes.
Far in advance, where his horse had led,
Halted the captain, — his grizzled head
Bent down to talk to a little child
Holding a little gray cat. We smiled,
Spite of ourselves, at the funny sight.
Strangest of all, at the captain's right
Stood a tall Yankee with curling hair;
And his men halted in wonder there.
Right where the lines would have met, she stood,
Smiling in wonder; the little hood
All at one side, and each round, fat arm
Quieting kitty's profound alarm.
"What are you doing here, little girl?"
Said the gruff captain; the golden curl
Under his coat, with its soft caress,
Melting his heart into tenderness.
Trustingly smiled the wee face at him,
Then at the Yankee so tall and trim.
"Dis is my kitty — she wunned away.
I have been huntin' for her all day,

For it is Christmas, you know, and I
Wouldn't have old Santa Claus go by
Unless my kitty could see him too.
She needs a wibbon, she does, all blue.
Now I'll do home — I live over dere;
Dere, with my mamma and Tom and Clare.
Papa is dead; he was killed last year.
Don't you wish wars wouldn't be round here?"

Then the gruff captain leaped to the ground,
Startling kitty with clashing sound;
Stooping, he kissed the red, rosebud mouth,
Thinking, I know, of the golden South
Where lay the grave of his little one,
Hid 'neath the pines from the burning sun.
And the tall Yankee thrust quick his hand
Under the edge of his high neck-band;
Up from beneath with a jerk he drew
A poor little ribbon of faded blue.
Round the gray kitty he tied the band,
Then with a kiss, and a quick command
"'Bout face!" he turned on his charger gray.
Slowly he led his blue-coats away.
Who knows what token was tied that day
To the blue ribbon he pulled away?
She knows who tied the bright trinket there
Holding her picture, — a lock of hair.
Yet I am confident when she knew
That she forgave him. Now, wouldn't *you?*

Slowly and sadly we rode away;
Little for fighting cared we that day.
Slow, as the evening rose cool and damp,
Through the long shadows we rode to camp.
And the rough captain smiled content,
Though it had cost him his regiment.
Run away, now, and leave papa here;
Are you not satisfied now, my dear?
There is your story — a true one too.
I think it ended quite well, don't you?

Herbert W. Collingwood.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A GOOD-WIFE rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a nervous dread
Of the pile of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
There's the meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned;
And all to be done that day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was as wet as it could be;
And there were puddings and pies to bake, beside
A loaf of cake for tea.
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily, as she said,
"If maidens but knew what good-wives know,
They would be in no haste to wed."

"Jennie, what think you I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half bashfully fell:
"It was this," he said, and coming near,
He smiled, and stooping down
Kissed her cheek; "'twas this, that you were the best
And the dearest wife in town."

The farmer went back to the field; and the wife,
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet
And golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, I know, if he had only had
As happy a home as we."

The night came down, and the good-wife smiled
To herself, as she softly said,
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,
It's not strange that maids will wed."

Mrs. R. B. Edson.

MARY JANE.

MARY JANE was my little peach-blow. I met her at the age of twelve, and loved her not wisely but too well. With one small smile she stirred my fresh spring affections, and filled me with a new set of strange, thrilling hopes; and for days and days I did not expect to recover. As the poet says, —

"I love the name of Mary Jane,
For once it was a magic sound to me."

Her father was a cold, austere, and hard-fisted man. He owned a farm that yielded two hundred cart-loads of small stones per acre every year, without any trouble but to pick them off the ground and throw them in the cart; and yet he did not seem to enjoy life. It might have been said that I loved Mary Jane because she was heir-apparent to her father's farm, but such was not the case. There was not room in my young affections for a stony farm.

Mary Jane and I met in the little brown schoolhouse that nestled under the hill. There I had been wrestling for three long years with my multiplication-tables, and I yearned for sympathy. Perhaps Mary Jane yearned for the same thing. She looked at me one day when my heart was heavy, and smiled, as if saying, "Please exchange;" and my real life-troubles began. My young affections were plucked at a single pluck. I was stabbed through by a two-edged smile.

Mary Jane and I were soon drawn closer by a romantic incident. One day I fell in the creek that meandered by the schoolhouse; and she rescued my hat — my new straw hat with a blue band. She rescued it with a long pole, while I rescued myself.

My passion for Mary Jane grew as the days went by. She filled my thoughts so full that there was no room for multi-

plication-tables or any thing, and I went rapidly to the foot of all my classes. My friends noticed the great change that had come over me, and expressed the fear that I was studying too hard for one so young; and the attention of my parents was drawn to me also, because I began to take great care with my hair and neck-tie, and to often examine my upper lip for surface indications of a mustache. I was too young to have such cares; but, alas, youth does not pause to consider!

But to return to Mary Jane; and it was always blissful to return to Mary Jane after a long, cruel night of separation. My devotion was expressed by long-range smiles, smiled when the teacher was looking in another direction; and they fetched back long-ranged smiles in return, that seemed to pay me five hundred per cent on the investment. These smiles relieved the long, tedious hours in school, and wrecked my multiplication-tables. I would go down to those tables with all my might, but in half a minute my eyes would leave them for the pretty face of Mary Jane; and when she would look at me and smile, the figures would all go off in a mad, mad whirl, and I couldn't give the total sum of twice times two.

Ah, those happy, happy days! They are gone. Time has stolen them. A liberal reward will be paid for their return, and no questions asked.

One day I discovered that I had a rival. I could not have been more surprised and alarmed had I discovered a new continent. He was the ugliest boy in the county. When he had reached a ten-year height, he had stopped growing upward, and had then devoted his whole time to spreading. They called him "putty-keg." They called him that for short — and thick. He came very near being taller when he was lying than when he was standing. He was a much smaller boy than I in length, but in width he had the advantage of me. He outranked me at the equator, but in the matter of arms and legs I was his superior.

This "putty-keg" was a bold, bad boy. One day, as we went merrily home from school, he caught my Mary Jane, knocked the lid off her dinner-basket, "mussed" her hair, and kissed her. To this day, I don't know how he did it. I fear that Mary Jane must have stooped a little.

I do not clearly remember the subsequent events of that unlucky day, but I recall as many of them as I have since

had use for. When I collected my scattered thoughts, I was lying on my back in the road, and "putty-keg" was sitting on me.

I had gone forth gallantly to avenge an insult to the girl I loved, and had been whipped by a boy whose head didn't come up to my shoulders. That is the long and the short of it. But there was a good deal of breadth to "putty-keg," and as he sat on me he seemed to weigh a ton. In this condition I remembered that there never was a good war or a bad peace, and I asked for some peace.

Mary Jane turned sadly away, leaving me there in the dust with a lacerated heart, a lacerated mind, and a lacerated suit of clothes, and never smiled on me again.

Scott Way, in "Tid-Bits."

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE RATS.

A Frenchman once, who was a merry wight,
Passing to town from Dover, in the night,
Near the roadside an alehouse chanced to spy,
And being rather tired, as well as dry,
Resolved to enter; but first he took a peep,
In hopes a supper he might get, and cheap.
He enters. "Hallo, garçon, if you please,
Bring me a leetel bit of bread and cheese,
And hallo, garçon, a pot of porter, too!" he said,
"Vich I shall take, and den myself to bed."

His supper done, some scraps of cheese were left,
Which our poor Frenchman, thinking it no theft,
Into his pocket put; then slowly crept
To wished-for bed. But not a wink he slept;
For on the floor some sacks of flour were laid,
To which the rats a nightly visit paid.
Our hero now undressed, popped out the light,
Put on his cap, and bade the world good-night;
But first his breeches, which contained the fare,
Under his pillow he had placed with care.

Sans ceremonie, soon the rats all ran,
And on the flour-sacks greedily began,
At which they gorged themselves; then, smelling round
Under the pillow soon the cheese they found;
And, while at this they all regaling sat,
Their happy jaws disturbed the Frenchman's nap;
Who, half-awake, cries out, "Hallo, hallo!
Vat is dat nibble at my pillow so?
Ah, 'tis one big — one very big, huge rat!
Vat is it that he nibble, nibble at?"

In vain our little hero sought repose;
Sometimes the vermin galloped o'er his nose.
And such the pranks they kept up all the night
That he, on end, — antipodes upright, —
Bawling aloud, called stoutly for a light.
"Hallo, maison, garçon, I say!
Bring me the bill for what I have to pay."
The bill was brought; and, to his great surprise,
Ten shillings was the charge. He scarce believed his eyes.
With eager haste, he quickly runs it o'er,
And every time he viewed it thought it more.

"Vy, zounds and zounds!" he cries, "I sall no pay;
Vat! charge ten shelangs for what I have *mangé?*
A leetel sop of portar, dis vile bed,
Vare all de rats do run about my head?"
"Plague on those rats!" the landlord muttered out;
"I wish, upon my word, that I could make 'em scout:
I'll pay him well that can." — "Vat's dat you say?"
"I'll pay him well that can." — "Attend to me, I pray:
Vill you dis charge forego, vat I am at,
If from your house I drive away de rat?"
"With all my heart," the jolly host replies.
"*Ecoutez donc, ami*," the Frenchman cries.
"*First den*, — *regardez*, if you please, —
Bring to dis spot a leetel bread and cheese:
Eh bien! a pot of porter too;
And den invite de rats to sup vid you;
And after dat, — no matter dey be villing, —
For vat dey eat, you *charge* dem just *ten shelang:*
And I am sure, ven dey behold de score,
Dey'll quit your house, and *never come no more*."

A DECLAMATION MEDLEY.

CONSCRIPT FATHERS! I do not rise to waste the night in words. I do not rise to fawn or cringe to this House; for, friends, I come not here to talk.

Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage. I have been accused of ambition in presenting this measure; but I profess, sir, in my career hitherto to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union; and there is one broad proposition upon which I stand.

It is this: That an American sailor is an American citizen. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. Blaze with your serried column, I will not bend the knee. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended.

Good friends, sweet friends, is the gentleman done? Is he completely done? The deed is done. No eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is in his own, and it is safe. Ah, gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake! For such men do not, can not die.

Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, why is the forum crowded, what means this stir in Rome? If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. I had a brother once. How I loved that boy! The boy stood on the burning deck, whence all but he had fled. Latinus, thou art that wretch. Well, honor is the subject of my story. I know not what other men may think of this life; but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death.

Are we so base, so despicable, that the gentleman has misconceived the spirit and tendency of Northern institutions? I have roamed through the world, to find hearts nowhere warmer, soldiers nowhere braver, wives and mothers nowhere purer, and maidens nowhere lovelier. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them if Arthur, Duke of Wellington, did not start up in the House of Lords and exclaim, Hold! My brave associates, partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame, what have I to say why sentence of death should not

be pronounced on me according to law? I have nothing to say which can alter your predetermination, and I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts: she needs none. There she is; and see, — she stirs, she starts, she moves, she seems to feel the thrill of life along her keel; and the only word there spoken was the whispered word Lenore. And methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown ocean. The torrent roared, and we did buffet it with lusty sinews; throwing it aside and stemming it with hearts of controversy. But, ere we could arrive the point proposed, Cæsar cried, Bunker Hill Monument is finished; there it stands. Behold her and judge for yourselves. Judge, O ye gods, how he did shake! 'Tis true this god did shake. Then to his conqueror he spoke. I go, but I return. O Rome, Rome, thou hast been a tender nurse to me! The hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed.

The Republic may perish, star by star its glories may expire, all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues shall anywhere plead for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues prolong the fame, of George Washington. *Alfred A. Clatur, Boston Latin School.*

ROME AND CARTHAGE.

Rome and Carthage! Behold them drawing near for the struggle that is to shake the world. Carthage, the metropolis of Africa, is the mistress of oceans, of kingdoms, and of nations; a magnificent city, burdened with opulence, radiant with the strange arts and trophies of the East. She is at the acme of her civilization. She can mount no higher. Any change now must be a decline. Rome is comparatively poor. She has seized all within her grasp, but rather from the lust of conquest than to fill her own coffers. She is demi-barbarous, and has her education and her future both to make. All is before her — nothing behind. For a time these two nations exist in view of each other. The one

reposes in the noontide of her splendor, the other waxes strong in the shade. But, little by little, air and space are wanting to each for her development. Rome begins to perplex Carthage, and Carthage is an eyesore to Rome. Seated on opposite banks of the Mediterranean, the two cities look each other in the face. The sea no longer keeps them apart. Europe and Africa weigh upon each other. Like two clouds surcharged with electricity, they impend. With their contact must come the thunder shock.

The catastrophe of this stupendous drama is at hand. What actors are met! Two races, — that of merchants and mariners, that of laborers and soldiers; two nations, — the one dominant by gold, the other by steel; two republics, — the one theocratic, the other aristocratic. Rome and Carthage! Rome with her army, Carthage with her fleet; Carthage, old, rich, and crafty — Rome, young, poor, and robust; the past and the future; the spirit of discovery, and the spirit of conquest; the genius of commerce, the demon of war; the East and the South on one side, the West and the North on the other; in short, two worlds, — the civilization of Africa, and the civilization of Europe. They measure each other from head to foot. They gather all their forces. Gradually the war kindles. The world takes fire. These colossal powers are locked in deadly strife. Carthage has crossed the Alps; Rome, the seas. The two nations, personified in two men, Hannibal and Scipio, close with each other, wrestle, and grow infuriate. The duel is desperate. It is a struggle for life. Rome wavers. She utters that cry of anguish, — *Hannibal at the gates!* But she rallies, collects all her strength for one last, appalling effort, throws herself upon Carthage, and sweeps her from the face of the earth. *Victor Hugo.*

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three.
"God speed!" cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew,
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace,
Neck and neck, stride by stride, never changing our place.
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
Re-buckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit;
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half chime:
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time."

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun;
And against him the cattle stood black every one
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, its own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which now and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned, and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely; the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"; for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle white stubble like chaff,
Till over by Dalhelm a dome-spire sprang white;
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight."

"How they'll greet us!" and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay as dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news that alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer,
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which, the burgesses voted, by common consent,
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

Robert Browning.

THE MISER'S PUNISHMENT.

[In the year 1762, a miser in France, of the name of Foscue, having amassed enormous wealth by habits of extortion, and the most sordid parsimony, was requested by the Government to advance a sum of money as a loan. The miser demurred, pretending that he was poor. In order to hide his gold effectually, he dug a deep cave in his cellar, the descent to which was by a ladder, and which was entered by means of a trap-door, to which was attached a spring-lock. He entered this cave one day, to gloat over his gold, when the trap-door fell upon him; and the spring-lock, the key to which he had left on the outside, snapped and held him a prisoner in the cave, where he perished miserably. Some months afterward, a search was made; and his body was found in the midst of money-bags, with a candlestick lying beside it on the floor.]

So, so! All safe! Come forth, my pretty sparklers;
Come forth, and feast mine eyes! Be not afraid.
No keen-eyed agent of the Government
Can see you here. They wanted me, forsooth,
To lend you, at the lawful rate of usance,
For the state's needs. Ha, ha, my shining pets,
My yellow darlings, my sweet golden circlets!

Too well I loved you to do that; and so
I pleaded poverty, and none could prove
My story was not true. Ha, could they see
These bags of ducats, and that precious pile
Of ingots, and those bars of solid gold,
Their eyes, methinks, would water! What a comfort
Is it to see my money in a heap,
All safely lodged under my very roof!
Here's a fat bag; let me untie the mouth of it.
What eloquence! What beauty! What expression!
Could Cicero so plead? Could Helen look
One-half so charming? [*The trap-door falls.*]
Ah! What sound was that?
The trap-door fallen? And the spring-lock caught?
Well, have I not the key? Of course I have.
'Tis in this pocket. No. In this? No. Then
I left it at the bottom of the ladder.
Ha, 'tis not there! Where, then? Ah, mercy, Heaven!
'Tis in the lock outside!
What's to be done?
Help, help! Will no one hear? Oh, would that I
Had not discharged old Simon! But he begged
Each week for wages — would not give me credit.
I'll try my strength upon the door. Despair!
I might as soon uproot the eternal rocks
As force it open. Am I here a prisoner,
And no one in the house, — no one at hand,
Or likely soon to be, to hear my cries?
Am I entombed alive? Horrible fate!
I sink — I faint beneath the bare conception. [*Swoons.*]

. . . . . .

[*Awakes.*] Darkness? Where am I? I remember now.
This is a bag of ducats: 'tis no dream —
No dream! The trap-door fell, and here am I
Immured with my dear gold, — my candle out,
All gloom, all silence, all despair! What, ho!
Friends! Friends? I have no friends. What right have I
To use the name? These money-bags have been
The only friends I've cared for; and for these
I've toiled, and pinched, and screwed, shutting my heart
To charity, humanity, and love.
Detested traitors! Since I gave you all, —

Ay, gave my very soul, — can ye do naught
For me in this extremity? Ho! Without there!
A thousand ducats for a loaf of bread!
Ten thousand ducats for a glass of water!
A pile of ingots for a helping hand!
Was that a laugh? Ay, 'twas a fiend that laughed
To see a miser in the grip of death.
Offended Heaven, have mercy! I will give
In alms all this vile rubbish. Aid me thou
In this most dreadful strait. I'll build a church —
A hospital. Vain, vain! Too late, too late!
Heaven knows the miser's heart too well to trust him.
Heaven will not hear. Why should it? What have I
Done to enlist Heaven's favor, — to help on
Heaven's cause on earth, in human hearts and homes?
Nothing! God's kingdom will not come the sooner
For any work or any prayer of mine.
But must I die here — in my own trap caught?
Die — die? And then! Oh, mercy! Grant me time,
Thou who canst save, grant me a little time;
And I'll redeem the past, undo the evil
That I have done, make thousands happy with
This hoarded treasure, do thy will on earth
As it is done in heaven. Grant me but time!
Nor man nor God will heed my shrieks. All's lost.

Osborne.

SCENE FROM MACBETH.

MACBETH. LADY MACBETH.

Enter MACBETH, R.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, —
We'd jump the life to come. But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return

To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, —
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other. —

Enter LADY MACBETH, R.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supped: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he asked for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honored me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? hath it slept since,
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valor
As thou art in desire? Would thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem, —
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. 'Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was it, then,
That made you break the enterprise to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more than man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn
As you have done to this!

Macb. If we should fail —

Lady M. We fail! —
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenchèd natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled; and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. —
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
Exit Lady M.
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still!
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. — There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace —
Towards his design
Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time
Which now suits with it. [*Clock stricks two.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell!
[*Exit*, L. — *Thunder and lightning.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, L.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quenched them hath given me fire. — Hark! — Peace!
Is was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. [*Crossing*, R.] — He is about it;
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugged their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there? — what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done! — The attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. — Hark! — I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss them. — Had he not resembled
My father, as he slept, I had done't! —

Enter MACBETH, R.

My husband?

Macb. I have done the deed: — Did'st thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry,
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark! Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Showing his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, "Murder!"
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried, "God bless us!" and "Amen," the other;
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. I could not say, "Amen,"
When they did say, "God bless us."

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways: so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast —

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house:
Glamis hath murdered sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, — Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand. —
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done; —
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. — If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit*, R. — *Knocking within*, M. D.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green — one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your color; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. — [*Knocking.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry; — retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. — [*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,

And show us to be watchers. — Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed — 'twere best not know myself.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, would thou could'st!

[*Exeunt. Knocking again. Lady Macbeth pulls Macbeth away*, L.

MY LITTLE NED IS DEAD.

TO MARSE GEORGE.

We buried little Ned to-day, up in dat grave-yard dar,
An', Marse George, dis poo' ol' heart am swallered up wif car';
Fo' dat little youngster somehow had a pow'ful clingin' hold
Upon de ol' man's 'fections, jes' like links ob purest gold!
He was jus' de smartest little coon dat ever trod de earth,
An' I'se doted on him awful since de mawnin' ob his birth.
An' now to think he's laid away up in dat lonesome tomb!
O Marse George, it fills my soul wif right down midnight gloom!

De cabin won't be like it was, since Ned's done gone away;
Fo' de clouds will swing above it till de las' eternal day.
We'll miss de patter ob his feet; his prattlin' baby voice, —
Dat somehow allers made my poo' ol' worn-out heart rejoice.
We'll miss his little shinin' eyes a-peepin' from de bed,
His peals ob merry laughter, an' his cunnin' kinky head.
An' all de pleasant mem'ries ob de past 'll only seem
Jus' like de recollection ob a purty summer dream.

Dat picaninny allers used to meet me at de door,
An' take my hat an' hang it in de co'ner — on de floor;
An' den he'd come a-toddlin' back, an' climb upon my knee,
An' pucker up dat little mouf so sweet an' pleadin'ly.
I'd kiss de little lips; an' den around my neck he'd fro'
His chubby arms, an' hug, an' grunt, till he couldn't hug no mo'.
I tell you, Marse George, fo' true, dis poo' ol' heart jus' bled
W'en de clods began to rattle down on top ob little Ned!

"De Lord chastises dem he lubs," de blessed Bible says,
An' neaf de smartin' ob de rod I'll try to sing his praise,
An' ax him fo' to let dat love shine down in soothin' beams,
Enough to chase away affliction's dark an' sorrowin' dreams;
An' I'll ax him fo' to kind o' keep an eye upon de boy,
As he toddles 'round froo heaben, singin' songs ob sweetest joy;
An' to haste de day w'en in de ground I, too, kin lay my head,
While my spirit flies on angel wings in search ob Little Ned!

Modern Argo.

AN IRON FENCE.

A DANBURY man started for Greenwich, Friday, to see an iron fence. What he wanted to see an iron fence for, we don't know, and it really makes no difference. He went. He wanted to go off on the 9.50 train, so he hurried home to get ready. His wife and a vicious outside woman were cleaning house, and it was some little time before he could get his society suit ready. In the mean time he opened fire on the largest half of a custard pie, holding it in his hand, and dancing around and yelling for his things. When she brought his overcoat, he set the pie in a chair to put on the coat, but in his nervousness stepped on the end of a long-handled whitewash brush which was balanced across a pail, and the other end flew up and discharged about a pint of the awful mixture over the sofa, wall-paper, and his panting and indignant wife. She made a remark, and he contradicted it. Then he sat down in the chair where the pie was, and got up again with a howl that would have melted the stoutest heart. She wanted him to wait while she scraped off the surplus; but he was too mad to converse in words of more than one syllable, and started for the depot, and boarded the train, and in the seclusion of the baggage-car removed the offensive lunch.

He got to Greenwich all right, and looked at the fence. We hope he admired it. Then he started for home, but missed the train; and as the next train was an express, and didn't stop at Greenwich, he was obliged to walk to the drawbridge at Cos Cob, or stay in Greenwich all night. So

he walked up there in the rain, but didn't mind it much, as he had an umbrella, and the pie was pretty well dried in. When he got to Cos Cab, he stood up on a fence to look at the scenery, and swear, when a sharp gust of wind took off his hat and carried it across a bog lot. Then he stepped down on the other side, too amazed to express himself; and another gust of wind came along and turned the umbrella inside out. A brief conversation here ensued between himself and the umbrella, and he again started for the hat. When he got up to it, he kicked it around several times, and then jammed it down on his head, and started once more through the bogs as the train drew up at the bridge. It was a terrible struggle, as the bogs were uncertain; but he strained and coughed and spit and howled and swore, and it did seem as if he would catch it, after all. What he thought as he stood on that fence and watched that train sail across the bridge, no human being can tell.

A hour later he appeared in Stamford, wet through to the skin, splashed with mud, and with an expression on his face that would have scared a hydrant. Backing himself against the depot, he stood there until near midnight, and then went up on the owl train to Norwalk; falling asleep in the mean time, and narrowly escaping being carried by the depot. Here he took the freight for Danbury, arriving at home just before daylight. His wife was abed, but not sleeping. She lay there, torn by forebodings and harassed by suspense. Perhaps he was dead, and lying on the cold ground, in the rain. Then she thought of his lifeless body, and groaned; and thought of the pie, and groaned again. She knew his knock the moment it sounded; and, rushing down-stairs in the costume appropriate to that hour, she threw herself into his hair, and hysterically shouted, "Oh, you old rascal, come in here!" *Danbury News.*

"EVEN THIS SHALL PASS AWAY."

Once in Persia reigned a king
Who upon his signet ring
Graved a maxim true and wise,
Which, if held before his eyes,

Gave him counsel at a glance
Fit for every change and chance.
Solemn words, and these were they:
"Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand,
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to match with these;
But he counted not his gain
Treasures of the mine or main.
"What is wealth?" the king would say:
"Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court,
At the zenith of the sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried: "Oh, loving friends of mine,
Pleasure comes, but not to stay;
Even this shall pass away."

Fighting on a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield.
Soldiers with a loud lament
Bore him bleeding to his tent;
Groaning from his tortured side,
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried;
"But, with patience day by day,
Even this shall pass away."

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue, carved in stone;
Then the king, disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name,
Musing meekly: "What is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay;
Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Waiting at the gates of gold,

Said he with his dying breath,
"Life is done, but what is death?"
Then, in answer to the king,
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray,
"Even this shall pass away."

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

In graceful consideration for the requirements of students of the softer sex, Mr. Punch has ordered his head poet this week to produce a choice example of simple pathos. If its linked sweetness somewhat resembles that of a confectioner's port which has tarried unduly in the decanter, possibly they will like it none the worse on that account. We will call it

BURGLAR BILL.

[You must open in a hushed voice, and with an air of wonder at the world's iniquity.]

Through a window in the attic, brawny burglar Bill has crept;
Stealthily he seeks a chamber where the jewellery is kept.

[Pronounce either "jewelry" or "joolery."]

He is furnished with a jemmy, centre-bit, and carpet-bag;
For the latter "comes in handy," as he says, "to stow the swag."

["Jemmy," "centre-bit," and "carpet-bag" are important words: put good coloring into them.]

Here, upon the second landing, he secure may work his will;
Down below 's a dinner party, — up above the house is still . . .

[Start here, and extend first finger.]

Suddenly — in spell-bound horror — all his satisfaction ends;
For a little white-robed figure by the banister descends!

[This line requires careful handling, or it may be imagined that the figure was sliding down the banisters, which would simply ruin the effect. Observe the bold but classic use of the

singular in "banister," which is more pleasing to the ear than the plural.]

Bill has reached for his revolver [business here with fan],
but he hesitates to fire:
Child is it, or apparition, that provokes him to perspire?
Can it be his guardian angel, sent to stay his hand from
crime?

[In a tone of awe.]

He could wish she had selected some more seasonable time!
"Go away," he whimpers hoarsely. "Burglars have their
bread to earn.
I don't need no Gordian angel comin' givin' me a turn."

[Shudder, and hide your eyes; then change your manner to a *naïve* surprise.]

But the blue eyes open wider, ruby lips reveal their pearl:
"I is not a garden angel, — I is dust a yickle girl!

[Be very artless here.]

On the thtairs to thit I'm doin till the tarts and jellies tum;
Partinthon, the butler, *alwayth* thaves for baby Bella thome!
Poor man, 'oo is lookin' 'ungry. Leave 'oo burgling fings
up dere;
Tum along an' have some sweeties, thitting on the bottom
thtair."
"Reelly, miss, you must excoose me," says the burglar
with a jerk.
"Dooty calls, and time is pressing: I must set about my
work."

[This gruffly.]

"Is 'oo work to bweak in houses? Nana *told* me so, I'm
sure!
Will 'oo try if 'oo can manage to bweak in my doll's-house
door?
I tan *never* det it undone: so my dollies tan't det out;
They don't *like* the fwont to open evewy time they'd walk
about!
Twy, — and if 'oo does it nicely, when I'm thent upstairs to
theep,
I will bwing 'oo up some goodies, which thall be for 'oo
to keep!"

[Pause, then, emotional.]

Off the little angel flutters; but the burglar wipes his brow, —
He is wholly unaccustomed to a kindly greeting now.

Never with a smile of welcome has he seen his entrance met.

[Mournfully.]

Nobody (except the policeman) ever wanted him as yet!

[Bitterly.]

Many a stately home he's entered; but, with unobtrusive tact,
He has ne'er, in paying visits, called attention to the fact.
Gain he counts, on departing, if he has avoided strife.
Ah, my brothers, but the burglar's is a sad and lonely life!

[With deep feeling.]

All forgotten are the jewels, once the purpose of his "job,"
As he sinks upon the doormat with a deep and choking sob;
Then, the infant's plea recalling, seeks the nursery above,
Looking for the Liliputian crib he is to crack — for *love!*

[He generally does it for *money*, you know.]

In the corner stands the doll's house, gayly painted green and red;

[Coloring again here.]

And the door declines to open, even as the child had said!
Out come centre-bit and jemmy, —all his implements are plied.
Never has he burgled better, as he feels with honest pride!
Deftly now the task's accomplished, for the door will open well,
When a childish voice behind him breaks the silence like a bell, —
"Sank 'oo, Missa Burglar, sank 'oo; and betause 'oo's been tho nice,
See, I've brought 'oo up a tartlet, — gweat big gweedies eat the ice!
Papa says he wants to see 'oo; Partinthon is tummin', too —
Tan't 'oo stay?" . . . "Well, not this evenin': so, my little dear, adoo!"

[Make a picture of the next couplet; let the audience see the haunted victim of social prejudice beguiling his flight by tender memories, as he escapes his pursuers.]

Fast he speeds across the house-tops; but his bosom throbs with bliss,
For upon his rough lips linger traces of a baby's kiss.

[This line, tear-laden as it is, needs very delicate treatment, to prevent the audience from understanding it in a painfully literal sense.]

. . . . . .

[Now we come to the finale, with a higher effective contrast. Don't be afraid of it.]

Dreamily on downy pillow baby Bella murmurs sweet:

[Smile here with a sleepy tenderness.]

"Burglar, tum adain an' thee me. I will dive 'oo cakes to eat!"

[That's for one side; now for the other.]

In his garret, worn and weary, burglar Bill has sunk to rest,
Clasping tenderly a damson tartlet to his burly breast!

[Linger lovingly on the word "tartlet," remembering to cross your hands upon your bosom as you conclude; and, if you don't find that several susceptible bachelors have been knocked completely out of time by this little recitation, there must have been something seriously amiss with your rendering of it.]

LYCEUM SPEECH OF MR. ORATOR CLIMAX.

Mr. President, — Happiness is like a crow perched upon the neighboring top of a far distant mountain, which some fisherman vainly strives, to no purpose, to insnare. He looks at the crow, Mr. President — and — Mr. President, the crow looks at him; and, sir, they both look at each other. But the moment he attempts to reproach him, he banishes away like the schismatic taints of the rainbow, the cause of which, it was the astonishing and perspiring genius of a Newton, who first deplored and enveloped the cause of it. Cannot the poor man, sir, precipitate into all the beauties of nature, from the loftiest mounting up to the most humblest valley, as well as the man prepossessed of indigence? Yes, sir; while trilling transports crown his view, and rosy hours allure his sanguinary youth, he can raise his

mind up to the laws of natur, incompressible as they are, while viewing the lawless storm that kindleth up the tremenjious roaring thunder, and fireth up the dark and rapid lightnings, and causeth it to fly through the intensity of space, that belches forth those awful and sublime meteors, and roll-abolly-aliases, through the unfathomable regions of fiery hemispheres. Sometimes, sir, seated in some lovely retreat, beneath the shadowy shades of an umbrageous tree, at whose venal foot flows some limping, stagnant stream, he gathers around him his wife and the rest of his orphan children. He there takes a retrospective view upon the diagram of futurity, and casts his eye like a flashing meteor forward into the past. Seated in their midst, aggravated and exhaled by the dignity and independence coincident with honorable poverty, his countenance irrigated with an intense glow of self-deficiency and excommunicated knowledge, he quietly turns to instruct his little assemblage. He there endeavors to distill into their young, youthful minds useless lessons, to guard their juvenile youths against vice and immortality. There, on a clear, sunny evening, when the silvery moon is shining forth in all her indulgence and ubiquity, he teaches the first sediments of gastronomy, by pointing out to them the bear, the lion, and many other fixed, invisible consternations, which are continually involving upon their axletrees, through the blue cerulean fundamus above. From this vast ethereal he dives with them to the very bottom of the unfathomable oceans, bringing up from thence liquid treasures of earth and air. He then courses with them on the imaginable wing of fancy through the boundless region of unimaginable either, until, swelling into impalpable immensity, he is forever lost in the infinite radiation of his own overwhelming genius.

THE UNDER-TOW.

"O FATHER," shouted Johnny Leach,
As down at Coney Isle
They wandered up and down the beach,
"May I go in awhile?"

"You may, my son," he said to him;
"But hear me, ere you go:
'Tis not enough that you can swim,—
Beware the under-tow."

Then Johnny donned a bathing suit,
And quickly waded in
The foaming sea, with yell and hoot,
Until it reached his chin.

He swam around and splashed about
With boisterous delight,
When suddenly he gave a shout,
And disappeared from sight.

He rose, he sank, then rose again,
And struck out for the shore;
His face was writhing, as in pain;
One foot was red with gore.

His father gazed, and then said he,
"My son, I told you so."
"Nay, father, 'twas a crab, not me,
That caught the under-toe."

His father clapsed, in silent joy,
That wet lad to his heart,
And said, "You'll not live long, my boy,
Because you are too smart."

A DESERTER — FROM THE TRENCHES AT GALVESTON, 1862.

"DESERTER!" Well, captain, the word's about right.
And it's uncommon queer I should run from a fight,
Or the chance of a fight, — I, raised in a land
Where boys, you may say, are born rifle in hand;
And who've fought all my life for the right to my ranche
With the wily Apache and the cruel Comanche.

But it's true, and I'll own it: I did run away.
"*Drunk?*" No, sir! I'd not tasted a drop all the day.
But — smile if you will — I'd a dream in the night,
And I woke in a fever of sorrow and fright,
And went for my horse; 'twas up and away;
And I rode like the wind till the break of the day.

"*What was it I dreamt?*" I dreamt of my wife, —
The true little woman that's dearer than life.
I dreamt of my boys, — I have three: one is ten,
The youngest is four — all brave little men, —
Of my one baby girl, my pretty white dove,
The star of my home, the rose of its love.

I saw the log house on the clear San Antoine;
And I knew that around it the grass had been mown,
For I felt in my dream the sweet breath of the hay.
I was there! for I lifted a jasmine spray;
And the dog that I love heard my whispered command,
And whimpered, and put his big head in my hand.

The place was so still, and all the boys were at rest;
And the mother lay dreaming, the babe at her breast.
I saw the fair scene for a moment; then stood
In a circle of flame, amid shrieking and blood.
The Comanche had the place. Captain, spare me the rest
You know what that means, for you come from the West.

I woke with a shout, and I had but one aim, —
To save or revenge them. My head was aflame,
And my heart had stood still; I was mad, I dare say,
For my poor horse fell dead at the dawn of the day.
Then I knew what I'd done; and with heart-broken breath,
When the boys found me out, I was praying for death.

"*A pardon!*" No, captain, I did run away,
And the wrong to the flag it is right I should pay
With my life. It's not hard to be brave
When one's children and wife are gone over the grave.
Boys, take a good aim. When I turn to the west,
Put a ball through my heart: it's kindest and best.

. . . . . .

He lifted his hat to the flag, bent his head,
And the prayer of his childhood solemnly said;
Shouted, "Comrades, adieu!" — spread his arms to the west —
And a rifle-ball instantly granted him *rest*.
But o'er that sad grave by the Mexican sea,
Wives and mothers have planted a blossoming tree;
And maidens bring roses, and tenderly say, —
"It was love — sweetest love — led the soldier astray."

Mary A. Barr.

TOMPKINS'S HIRED MAN.

He came to their door, and they did not deny him shelter. He was hungry, and they gave him food. His coat was ragged, his shoes full of holes, and his trousers hung in tatters about his attenuated limbs; and they clothed him. There had been but one hero in the Tompkins family, — a fair-haired, sunny-eyed boy, who went to sleep away down in Chancellorsville years ago. They were only plain, every-day farmer-folks, who tilled the soil, rose early, and went to bed when the birds did. In winter the cellar was filled with bins of rosy-cheeked northern spies, golden pippins, streaked seek-no-furthers, and brown russets. Bins of potatoes, rows of cider-barrels, and heaps of turnips helped to fill the dry cellar with the goodly store. And the barns were almost bursting with grain and hay.

He was a quiet, reticent man, and was as gentle as a little child. No one ever heard a harsh word fall from his lips. He was not a strong man; and Mrs. Tompkins said he had just such a cough as her brother had, who went away to Colorado for his health, but was brought back in a coffin and shroud. Some of the neighbors were suspicious, and told Tompkins to look out for the stranger; for, said they, just as like as not he is a thief, or a man hiding away from the strong hands of the law.

The stranger — he said they might call him Smith — had been an inmate of the Tompkins farm-house two years, when one day in the grain field he performed an act which endeared him more than ever to the good people.

Jud Tompkins, the eldest son, a great big fellow with a lion's heart and a sweet, sunny temper, was standing upon

a load of grain preparatory to descending the steep hill back of the barn. Little Charley, the youngest boy, was placing the big iron shoe under the wagon-wheel as a brake. The chain holding the shoe snapped, and, before Jud could grab the reins, the load of hay and horses were dashing down the steep hill. Certain death awaited Jud, for a high stone wall with a deep ravine was situated at a turn of the road. Like a man paralyzed and bereft of his senses, Jud crouched upon the load. Smith was using a rake, binding grain, about half way down the hill. His face grew white as he looked up and saw the horses plunging toward him. Something must be done, and at once. The horses must be turned aside. It might mean sure death for the man who would attempt to stop the horses; but there was something in Smith's bosom worth more than life: it was the heart of a brave man who would face death to save another human being.

He rushed toward the horses, flung himself at their heads, and yelled for Jud to jump. It was all over in an instant. Jud landed upon the soft soil, the wagon and grain rolled to the bottom of the hill, and poor Smith lay bleeding and fainting there among the cut grain, staining with his blood its golden straws. One of the iron hoofs had crushed his shoulder, and he was bleeding from a deep cut in the forehead. He had saved Jud's life and received his own death-blow. His lungs, already weakened by disease, were now injured beyond cure.

He was watched, nursed, and cared for as though he were one of the family. They didn't stop to ask who or what Smith was. They knew him to be a man with a human heart, and they tenderly cared for him, until one soft twilight hour the shadowy wings of the death angel wafted him across the river to a land that is fairer. And then, in the Tompkins lot in the village burial ground, they laid him to rest, and watered his grave with their tears. Upon his tombstone they put the name *Smith!*

No one ever claimed him. No one ever said he had kin living in this great big world of ours. Somewhere, perhaps, a chair awaits the strayed one who never came back out of the land of mystery and silence. In some one's heart there may be an aching void.

The world is full of such strange mysteries; and Smith, Tompkins's hired man, is only one incident of the many.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

J. G. WHITTIER.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall, —

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her four-score years and ten.

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag that men hauled down.

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced, — the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!" The dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!" Out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quck as it fell from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head;
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies, like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street,
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the head of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

Whittier.

THE IRISH TRAVELLER.

An Irishman travelling, though not for delight,
Arrived in a city one cold winter's night;
Found the landlord and servants in bed at the inn,
While standing without, he was drenched to the skin.
He groped for the knocker, no knocker was found;
Then turning his head accidentally round,
He saw, as he thought, by the lamp's feeble ray,
The object he searched for right over the way.
The knocker he grasped, and so loud was the roar
It seemed like a sledge breaking open the door.
The street, far and wide, was awoke by the clang,
And sounded aloud with the Irishman's bang.
The wife screamed aloud, and the husband appears
At the window, his shoulders shrugged up to his ears.
"So ho, honest friend, pray what is the matter,
That at this time of night you should make such a clatter?"
"Go to bed, go to bed!" says Pat, "my dear honey,
I am not a robber to ask for your money;
I borrowed your knocker before it was day,
To waken the landlord right over the way."

TEDDY'S SIX BULLS.

A merry evening party in an English country town were bantering poor Teddy O'Toole, the Irishman, about his countrymen being so famous for bulls.

"By my faith," said Teddy, "you needn't talk about that same in this place: you're as fond of bulls as any people in all the world, so you are."

"Nonsense!" some of the party replied; "how do you make that out?"

"Why, sure, it's very aisy, it is; for in this paltry bit of a town you've got more public houses nor I ever seen wid the sign of the bull over the doors, so you have," said Teddy.

"Nay, Teddy, very few of those; but there's some of 'em, you know, in every town."

"Yes," said Teddy, obstinately sticking to his text, for he had laid a trap for his friends; "but you've more nor your share, barring that you're so fond of bulls, as I say. I'm sure I can count half a dozen of 'em."

"Pooh, nonsense!" cried the party: "that will never do. What'll you bet on that, Teddy? You're out there, my boy, depend upon it: we know the town as well as you; and what will you bet?"

"Indeed, my brave boys, I'll not bet at all. I'm no better, I assure ye: I should be worse, if I wur." This sally tickled his companions, and he proceeded. "But I'll be bound to name and count the six."

"Well, do, do," said several voices.

"Now, let me see; there's the Black Bull."

"Yes, that's one."

"Then, there's the Red Bull."

"That's two."

"And the White Bull."

"Come, that's three."

"And the Pied Bull."

"So there is; you'll not go much farther."

"And then there's — there's — there's the Golden Bull, in — what's it street?"

"Well done, Teddy; there's five, sure enough; but you're short yet."

"Ay," said the little letter-carrier, who sat smirking in the corner, "and he will be short; for there isn't one more, I know."

"And then, remember," continued Teddy, carefully pursuing his enumeration, "there's the Dun Cow."

At this a burst of laughter fairly shook the room, and busy hands kept the tables and glasses rattling, amidst boisterous cries of, —

"A bull! a bull!"

Looking serious at all around, Teddy deliberately asked, —

"Do you call that a bull?"

"To be sure, it's a bull," exclaimed several voices at once.

"Then," said Teddy, "that's the sixth."

DON.

THIS is Don, the dog of dogs, sir,
Just as lions outrank frogs, sir,
Just as eagles are superior
To buzzards and that tribe inferior.

He's a shepherd lad, — a beauty, —
And to praise him seems a duty;
But it puts my pen to shame, sir,
When his virtues I would name, sir.
"Don, come here and bend your head now,
Let us see your best well-bred bow!"
Was there ever such a creature?
Common-sense in every feature!
"Don, rise up and look around you!
Blessings on the day we found you."

Sell him! Well, upon my word, sir,
That's a notion too absurd, sir.
Would I sell our little Ally,
Barter Tom, dispose of Sally?
Think you I'd negotiate
For my *wife*, at any rate?

Sell our Don! You're surely joking,
And 'tis fun at us you're poking.
Twenty voyages we've tried, sir,
Sleeping, walking, side by side, sir;
And Don and I will not divide, sir.
He's my *friend*, that's why I love him, —
And no mortal dog's above him.

He prefers a life aquatic,
But never dog was less dogmatic.
Years ago, when I was master
Of a tight brig called the "Castor,"
Don and I were bound for Cadiz,
With the loveliest of ladies
And her boy, — a stalwart, hearty,
Crowing, one-year infant party,
Full of childhood's myriad graces,
Bubbling sunshine in our faces
As we bowled along so steady,
Half-way home, or more, already.

How the sailors loved our darling!
No more swearing, no more snarling.
On their backs, when not on duty,
Round they bore the blue-eyed beauty, —
Singing, shouting, leaping, prancing;
All the crew took turns in dancing;
Every tar played Punchinello
With the pretty, laughing fellow;
Even the second mate gave sly winks
At the noisy mid-day high jinks.
Never was a crew so happy
With a curly-headed chappy,
Never were such sports gigantic,
Never dog with joy more antic.

While thus jolly, all together,
There blew up a change of weather,
Nothing stormy, but quite breezy;
And the wind grew damp and wheezy,
Like a gale in too low spirits
To put forth one half its merits.
But, perchance, a dry-land ranger
Might suspect some kind of danger.

Soon our stanch and gallant vessel
With the waves began to wrestle,
And to jump about a trifle;
Sometimes kicking like a rifle
When 'tis slightly overloaded,
But by no means nigh exploded.

'Twas the coming on of twilight,
As we stood abaft the skylight,
Scampering round to please the baby,
(Old Bill Benson held him, maybe);
When the youngster stretched his fingers
Towards the spot where sunset lingers,
And with strong and sudden motion
Leaped into the weltering ocean!

"*What* did Don do?" Can't you guess, sir?
He sprang also, by express, sir;
Seized the infant's little dress, sir,
Held the baby's head up boldly
From the waves that rushed so coldly;
And in just about a minute
Our boat had them safe within it.

Sell him! Would you sell your brother?
Don and I *love* one another.

J. T. Fields.

A BRAVE BOY'S DEED.

One stormy, snowy night in December a freight-train accident occurred through the breaking of a car-axle. The scene of the accident was on a portion of the road very crooked. The wreckers had been called out, and with them the young telegraph-boy, whose duty it was to climb a telegraph-pole, make the necessary attachments with wires, clamps, etc., and to assist in the working of other trains past the obstruction. This boy was intrusted with the important task of opening and operating an additional office. Sitting on an impromptu chair, built of fence-rails and stones, at the foot of the telegraph-pole, his duty was to stop all trains coming toward the obstruction, and hold them until one of the tracks had been cleared. It was on a Saturday night, and but few trains — save the regular night express — were running. Clothed with unusual responsibility, the lad sat through a terrible blinding snow and sleet storm, hour

after hour, — no shelter, and no company save the constant tick of the little instrument that held him in communication with the outer world.

One o'clock has come. The night express should be there. Orders have come from the wreck: "Hold the express at all hazards." A glance at the watch tells the boy that he must take his lamps and meet the express as far above as possible. There were no air-brakes in those days. A heavy, blinding, cheerless fog had settled down like a thick cover over the deep cut in the rocks. The snow from above was still coming down in sheets. Ploughing his way through the wet snow, over the uneven surface of rails and ties, went the boy in the direction of the expected express, whose faint rumble could first be felt, then faintly heard. Planting himself firmly between the rails, the boy stood, a lamp in each hand, waiting to swing at the first burst of the headlight through the fog. Nearer and closer came the heavy train. One second, two, three, and the headlight commences to lighten up the banks and rocks of the curve. The fog lifts, the light gleams on the wet, shining rails. Swing goes the red lamp as the blinding glare of the powerful headlight shoots into sight at the upper end of the curve. Faster swings the red light. No answering blasts of the whistle. The red light is on a desperate, almost despairing swing. No answer yet. The boy leaps over the outer rail into the ditch alongside, poising himself as he jumps; and, as the great, glaring monster is almost upon him, his right arm puts an almost superhuman force into the last swing, the lamp leaves his hand, and with a crash goes through the little glass door in the front of the engine's cab, right into the face of the engineer.

The lad sank back into the rocky fissures of the cut, the train rushes by him harmlessly, but with a terrible shriek of the whistle. The old chain-brake snaps like an overstrained muscle, and away rushes the express past that clicking instrument, on, on, into the darkness, out of sight, out of hearing, and beyond recall. Slowly and wearily the boy plods his way over the ties to his post at the instrument, pondering over his unheeded efforts and the result. "Hold the express at all hazards!" — and where was that express? There, with his trembling fingers upon the key of the instrument, he sat trying to tell his superior officer at the wreck that his efforts to hold the express had failed. This he did without telling of the fate of that red light. Voices are

presently heard through the darkness, and ere long the swaying of several lighted lanterns are to be seen as they come from the direction of the lost train. A few seconds later, the eager, peering faces of the train-men appear; and the boy recognizes the familiar faces of the conductor and brakeman of the express. The train had stopped but only a few yards away from the wreck, and the men had been badly hurt by some of the broken brake-chain. The boy is grateful and happy because it is no worse. In a minute or so the engineer makes his appearance, — face covered with blood, which he had vainly tried to wipe away with bunches of greasy waste; a long cut just under the roots of his hair told where he had been hurt. Throwing his arms about the brave boy's neck, he whispered through his sobs of joy, as the tears trickled down his blood-covered cheeks, —

"I was asleep and you risked your life to save us all. Thank God you threw it straight and true! I will be a different man from to-night."

THE NATION'S DEAD HEROES.

MEMORIAL DAY ORATION, 1876, HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

THE significance of the floral offerings of the Grand Army of the Republic will be a lasting and pleasant memory. Our life has been tenderly compared to the flower of the fields, —

> "That blossoms and is gone;
> It flourishes its little hour, with all its beauty on:
> Death comes, and like a wintry day,
> It cuts the lovely flower away."

And when I consider the historic associations of the great men, whose giant intellects, whose unflinching loyalty, and whose ever-enduring patriotism aided so much in giving this government a name and place among the nations, I cannot refrain from saying, in the immortal words of Thomas Gray in his English masterpiece, —

> "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

When I take upon my lips the august name of Washington, I summon the reverence and the homage of every American citizen to his illustrious fame, and I lead you in imagination to his great service to his country, — ay, to the wide world, — and carry your hearts to the very portals of his tomb. And the names of Washington and Lincoln are but a few of the great host of the eminent dead who have been great in their benefactions to mankind, and whose dust, resting in soil they preserved to liberty, makes indeed their sepulchres "holy ground." The rare lessons of their virtues, and their immortal work, —

> "Shall resist the triumphs of decay,
> When time is o'er and worlds have passed away.
> Cold in the dust their perished hearts may lie,
> But that which warmed them once shall never die.
> That spark unburied in its mortal frame,
> With living light, eternal and the same,
> Shall beam on joy's interminable years,
> Unveiled by darkness, unassuaged by tears."

The story of the faithful Ruth, familiar to all, might well furnish a fitting theme for the exemplification of our people in all parts of our country. Garnering in the rich fields of Boaz, she uttered a sentiment of devotion to Naomi which we all may well wish may permeate the heart and the conscience of all our fellow-citizens, North and South, East and West. The centuries which have elapsed cast no dimness upon the sublime spirit which prompted the expressions of attachment; and let *us* say to the embodied person of the American Union: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God; where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

There can be no doubt, fellow-citizens, that the great mass of the people of our country are touched deeply by the customs of the Grand Army of the Republic in their annual demonstrations of homage by decorating the graves of those who were associated with them on fields of carnage, or were endeared to them by the closer bonds of consanguinity and of friendship. It is certainly a tender action to assemble in the precinct of a silent necropolis to perform the patriotic duty — a duty appealing to the heart's noblest emotions — of strewing with flowers the graves of those who fell on the

battle-fields of the Republic, or who gave their services in its behalf. All nature seems to lend its aid in making this a day of mingled sorrow and exultation. The sublimest feelings of our hearts prompt us to honor the dead.

The hand of affection, whose noblest efforts find their sources in the deep recesses of the heart, scatters in sweet profusion the garlands which have been gathered upon your hillsides, and in your valleys, upon the mounds of those who will never again respond to the *reveille*, or march to battle. They have fought the fight, the fitful struggles of life are ended, and a just God has summoned them to their reward. In this grand sentiment of the human heart, of cherishing the memory of those who have in this life been near and dear to us, I am persuaded that all tribes and conditions of men agree. Whether they be rich or poor, high or low, educated or ignorant, all seem to vie, each with the other, in paying tributes of respect to the dead. Inherent in our being is the desire to be remembered. Mankind crave immortality. Go with me in your minds to the vast western prairies, or to the more remote regions of the land of the Montezumas; to the well-tombs of ancient Peru, where, mythological traditions tell us were preserved the bodies of the descendants of the Sun; to Egypt, whose centuries of mystery baffle the ingenuity of modern scholarship, and whose towering pyramids reach far toward the skies; to the sarcophagi and the mausoleums of the Middle Ages; to the cenotaphs and tablets and monuments of nearer days, — and there, in whatever phase of society we see mankind, we behold plainly the desire to perpetuate the names and memories of those who have been great in war and in statesmanship, in the arts and in literature, distinguished for scientific knowledge, or especially renowned for their deeds of benevolence and philanthropy. It is well to be here to-day. The flowers which you are to lay softly upon the grassy sepulchres of the fallen braves will fade and decay; the monumental shafts which have been reared to commemorate their heroic actions will crumble as time passes; but the deeds of patriotism performed on the gory fields, to preserve liberty upon the earth, can never be erased nor forgotten: but so long as the English language is known to the tongues of men, so long will this great shock of arms through which we have passed remain a part of the achievements of man; and in a family sense, in the hearts of the

people, the recollections of their soldiers and sailors will remain as green as the far-famed emerald of Ireland, in the hearts of those who constitute the households of this great and liberty-protecting American Republic.

E. E. Williamson.

THE SCOUT'S MISTAKE.

I.

"How get them the tidings? How send them the word?
It sets all the blood in my pulses a-shiver!
The enemy near, and they cannot have heard,
For no one has crossed since the rise in the river.

"The woods are between us; there's storm in the sky;
No rider dare venture the ford till the morning.
If only they knew of the danger! Yet I
Am helpless to give them a token of warning.

"Ah, were I but young again!" sadly he said,
"My youth in its heyday, the mettle all in it,
No weakness to chafe me, no snow on my head,—
The filly and I would be off in a minute!"

A stripling beside him looked up with a flash.
"Why, father, what matters the forest? I'll skim it.
What matters how fiercely the tempest may dash?
Who cares for the river? The filly can swim it.

"Just think of the peril! My brothers are there.
By daylight, at farthest, some signal shall show it.
They must not, like panthers, be trapped in their lair;
And sure as I'm living, their colonel shall know it!"

II.

The morning broke gray. At the tap of the drum
The corps from their briefly snatched slumbers were shaken.
"From over the river some tidings have come,—
A spy from some enemy near has been taken.

"They say he was seen in the dusk of the dawn,
Just mounting the bank, at the edge of a thicket,
Through which he came galloping recklessly on,
Not heeding or hearing the 'halt' of the picket."

"To the front with him! ordered the colonel. Just then
Rode hurriedly forward a scout, with a letter.
"We made a mistake, sir — I — I and the men, —
No room nor no reason to know any better."

"Aha!" and the officer eagerly read.
"The gallant young fellow! How well that you brought him
So quick with his warning!" The scout dropped his head:
"A spy, sir, — I thought him a spy, — and *I shot him!*"

Margaret J. Preston.

THE GARFIELD STATUE.

Fellow-Citizens, — In performance of the duty assigned to me on this occasion, I hereby accept, on behalf of the people of the United States, this complete and beautiful statue, amid the interchange of fraternal greetings between the survivors of the army of the Cumberland and their former foes upon the battle-field. And while the Union general and the people's President awaited burial, the common grief of these magnanimous survivors and mourning citizens found expression in the determination to erect this tribute to American greatness; and thus to-day, in its symmetry and beauty, it presents a sign of animosities forgotten, an emblem of a brotherhood redeemed, and a token of a nation restored.

Monuments and statues multiply throughout the land, fittingly illustrative of the love and affection of our grateful people, and commemorating brave and patriotic sacrifices in war, fame in peaceful pursuits, or honor in public station. But from this day forth there shall stand at our seat of government this statue of a distinguished citizen, who in his life and services combined all these things, and more, which challenge admiration in American character, — loving tender-

ness in every domestic relation, bravery on the field of battle, fame and distinction in our halls of legislation, and the highest honor and dignity in the chief magistracy of the nation.

This stately effigy shall not fail to teach every beholder that the source of American greatness is confined to no condition, nor dependent alone for its growth and development upon favorable surroundings. The genius of our national life beckons to usefulness and honor those in every sphere, and offers the highest preferment to manly ambition and sturdy, honest effort, chastened and consecrated by patriotic hopes and aspirations. As long as this statue stands, let it be proudly remembered that to every American citizen the way is open to fame and station, until he —

> "Moving up from high to higher,
> Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
> The pillar of a people's hope,
> The centre of a world's desire."

Nor can we forget that it also teaches our people a sad and distressing lesson; and the thoughtful citizen who views its fair proportions cannot fail to recall the tragedy of a death which brought grief and mourning to every household in the land. But while American citizenship stands aghast and affrighted that murder and assassination should lurk in the midst of a free people, and strike down the head of their government, a fearless search and the discovery of the origin and hiding-place of these hateful and unnatural things should be followed by a solemn resolve to purge forever from our political methods, and from the operation of our government, the perversions and misconceptions which gave birth to passionate and bloody thoughts.

If from this hour our admiration for the bravery and nobility of American manhood, and our faith in the possibilities and opportunities of American citizenship, be renewed; if our appreciation of the blessing of a restored Union and love for our government be strengthened; and if our watchfulness against the dangers of a mad chase after partisan spoils be quickened, — the dedication of this statue to the people of the United States will not be in vain.

Grover Cleveland.

MAY 12, 1887.

HEINZ VON STEIN.

Out rode from his wild, dark castle
The terrible Heinz von Stein;
He came to the door of a tavern,
And gazed on the swinging sign.

He sat himself down at a table,
And growled for a bottle of wine;
Up came, with a flask and a corkscrew,
A maiden of beauty divine.

Then, seized with a deep love longing,
He uttered, "O damosel mine,
Suppose you just give a few kisses
To the valorous Ritter von Stein!"

But she answered, "The kissing business
Is entirely out of my line;
And I certainly will not begin it
On a countenance ugly as thine."

Oh, then the bold knight was angry,
And cursed both coarse and fine;
And asked, "How much is the swindle
For your sour and nasty wine?"

And fiercely he rode to the castle,
And set himself down to dine.
And this is the dreadful legend
Of the terrible Heinz von Stein.

Charles G. Leland, from the German.

THE DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE.

FROM JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE'S "LIFE AND TIMES OF JESUS."[1]

I THOUGHT I was in the Roman Forum, seated near the rostra, watching a triumphal procession. Some senators near me said, "This is the three hundred and twentieth. So many victories since Rome began her grand career! but this is almost the last."

While I wondered at their words, the procession moved on. I saw the senators and magistrates walking solemnly forward, heard the wild strains of the trumpets, and saw the wagons piled high with spoils, the elephants marching two and two, covered with scarlet trappings, the models of the captured cities carried on high, and the pictures of the mountains and lakes and rivers which had been passed over by the troops. Statues and vases, costly paintings and rich robes, were borne aloft. Then came the white bulls and oxen for sacrifice, with gilded horns, followed by the priests. Then followed the prisoners, in chains, clanking as they walked, with gloom and hatred in their faces.

Next in my dream I saw the chariot, drawn by four white horses, in which rode the imperator. As he appeared, his army marching behind him, one wild shout of triumph rose from the vast multitude. I tried to see his face, but a white veil hung before it. In a moment all seemed to change. A fearful flash of lightning fell from the sky, attended by a terrific burst of thunder. Suddenly black darkness fell on every thing. Another flash of lightning illuminated for a moment the scene. Then I saw the temples and palaces around me falling in ruins; flames bursting from the Capitol and the Palace of the Cæsars; and standing in the chariot, his arm stretched out, was the prophet of Galilee. Another flash; and in place of the Roman Forum and buildings I saw the Jewish Temple, and I was in the midst of Jerusalem. The thunder rolled, the earth shook: and a loud voice from the heavens cried, "Come and see!" And by the red fierce light I saw a pale horse, and a figure of horror seated on him, with the word DEATH over his head; and an army of

[1] Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

dead men followed him. Their bones rattled in their armor, and their skulls were seen under the helmets; and they moved on by thousands, until I thought the ghastly procession would never end.

Then I seemed to be outside of Rome, on the plains which stretched toward the Sabine hills; and I was walking toward the city with a multitude. From the city we heard a mournful trumpet sounding slowly, with short intervals of silence between each wailing cry; and I asked my neighbors what it meant. They answered, "Know you not that this is the day of judgment for all mankind, when the Jewish Christ is to judge the world? Those who reach the city before the trumpet ceases to sound may be saved; but those who do not arrive in season are forever lost." Thus we hastened on, while the intervals between the trumpet-sounds appeared to become longer. And, as we passed on, I saw the dead coming from their graves under the sod. They pushed the earth away from above them, climbed out of the ground, and came on by our sides. Still the trumpet sounded fitfully, and at last we reached the gate of the city. Once more I stood in the Forum. But now, in the midst, there rose a gigantic cross, and on it hung a figure which I knew to be the prophet. Around me stood the buildings of Rome and Jerusalem, mingled together. And a mighty angel on wings came flying to the cross, and cried, "Woe to the world which has crucified its King! for the judgment of God has come upon Jerusalem and upon Rome, and they shall fall like Babylon, to perish forever." Then the prophet rose also into the air; and the cross fell on the ground, and all again was darkness.

THE SEA BREEZE AND THE SCARF.

Hung on the casement that looked o'er the main
Fluttered a scarf of blue;
And a gay, bold breeze paused to flutter and tease
This trifle of delicate hue.
"You are lovelier far than the proud skies are,"
He said, with a voice that sighed.
"You are fairer to me than the beautiful sea;
Oh! why do you stay here, and hide?

"You are wasting your life in this dull, dark room;"
And he fondled her silken folds.
"O'er the casement lean but a little, my queen,
And see what the great world holds.
How the wonderful blue of your matchless hue
Cheapens both sea and sky!
You are far too bright to be hidden from sight:
Come, fly with me, darling, fly!"

Tender his whisper, and sweet his caress;
Flattered and pleased was she:
The arms of her lover lifted her over
The casement out to sea.
Close to his breast she was fondly pressed,
Kissed once by his laughing mouth;
Then dropped to her grave in the cruel wave,
While the wind went whistling south.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE CURSE TO LABOR.

Now, let me say a few words on a cause, that, some years ago, was not so popular as it is to day. You who are going out carry these words home with you. Tell them to every person you meet, whether Knight of Labor or not, that the greatest curse that labor has to contend with to day it finds in its own home, in its own grasp; and the worst weapon that is wielded against labor to-day is held by the strong right hand of labor itself; and when that weapon is raised to strike a blow, it is raised in the shape of a glass that carries with it the rum that drowns man's reason. If I could put words in the mouth of every one leaving here to-night, I would say to every man, woman, and child who labors, throughout the length and breadth of the world, cast strong drink aside as you would an ounce of liquid hell. It damns; it blights; it sears conscience, body, and soul; it destroys every thing it touches; it reaches and ruins the family circle; takes the wife you have sworn to protect and cherish, and drags her down from the pinnacle of purity, and

tramples her in the mire, and then turns her into that house, from which no decent, respectable woman ever comes alive. It takes her child from her grasp; it strangles innocence, purity, — aye, even life itself at times It takes the chair, table, the furniture, the dishes, the mirror on the wall; and it takes the little pictures your pennies bought; it takes them all to the pawnbroker's shop, and carries them back in pennies to the grog shop, and drowns them all in oblivion.

When I see men going from the door of the saloon to their homes, one in that direction, another in that, and another in that direction, each one a thing for the finger of scorn to be pointed at; each one a thing for all strong, honest, decent men and women to shun; each one a thing to despise as you would a serpent; each one reeling through the street in rags, with a face in which no intelligence is shown; each one with every feature of a man obliterated, and only that of the beast to be seen, — and I have seen these things rap on the doors of their homes; I have seen the women come to open the doors; I have seen the smile vanish from the face; I have heard the cry of the children where the laugh should be; I have seen them at early morn and close of day: I have seen them in my own city, I have seen them in your own State, I have seen them in New York, and in every city east of the Mississippi; and I know, if there is a damning blight and curse to labor, it is that which gurgles from the neck of the bottle.

Powderly.

VANITY FAIR.

All the world's a wardrobe,
And all the girls and women merely wearers.
They have their fashions and their fastasies,
And one she in her times wears many garments
Throughout her seven stages. First, the baby,
Befrilled and broidered, in her nurse's arms:
And then the trim-hosed school-girl, with her flounces,
And small-boy scorning face, tripping, skirt-waggling,
Coquettishly to school. And then the flirt,
Ogling like Circe, with a business *œillade*
Kept on her low-cut corset. Then a bride,

Full of strange finery, vestured like an angel,
Veiled vaporously, yet vigilant of glance,
Seeking the woman's heaven, admiration,
Even at the altar's steps. And then the matron,
In fair, rich velvet, with suave satin lined;
With eyes severe, and skirts of youthful cut,
Full of dress saws and modish instances
To teach her girls *their* part. The sixth age shifts
Into the gray yet gorgeous grandmamma,
With gold *pince-nez* on nose, and fan at side,
Her youthful tastes still strong, and worldly wise
In sumptuary law; her quivering voice,
Prosing of fashion and *Le Follet*, pipes
Of robes and bargains rare. Last scene of all,
That ends the sex's *Mode*-swayed history,
Is second childishness, and sheer oblivion
Of youth, taste, passion, all, — save love of dress.

Anonymous Bardling.

A CANARY AT THE FARM.

Folks has been to town; and Sairy
Fetched her home a pet canary;
And of all the blame contrary,
  Aggervatin' things alive!
I love music, — that's I love it
When it's free, — and plenty of it
But I kind o' git above it
  At a dollar-eighty-five.

And it's just as I was sayin' —
Just the idy, now, o' layin'
Out yer money, and a-payin'
  Fer a willer cage and bird,
When the medder-larks is wingin'
Round ye, and the woods is ringin'
With the beautifullest singin'
  That a mortal ever heard!

Sairy's sot, though; so I tell her
He's a purty little feller,
With his wings o' creamy yeller,
And his eyes keen as a cat;
And the twitter o' the critter
'Pears to absolutely glitter!
Guess I'll haf to go and get her
A higher priceder cage'n that!

James Whitcomb Riley.

HE COULD HAVE DONE BETTER.

In building up natur', he thought the Creator
Had blundered unspeakably queer;
And he said he and Darwin and Billy McVarren
Could prove the whole thing out of gear.
He said the whole pattern, from Neptune to Saturn,
Was cut by a bungling design;
And that no particular was plumb perpendicular,
And exact every time to the line.

He said that no critic, with brain analytic,
Could tolerate things that he saw.
He said he would suffer, if any old duffer
Couldn't pick out a blemish or flaw.
Any man with a cranium as big's a geranium,
Could see the whole thing was a botch;
See where natur' had blundered in points by the hundred,
In the space of five ticks to his watch.

And so night and day he advised the Almighty,
With advice he believed of great worth;
And his wife took in sewing, to keep life a-going,
While he superintended the earth.

The Lynn Union.

DOT LEETLE TOG UNDER DER VAGON.

"Coom, vife," says goot oldt farmer Gray,
"Git on your tings: dot's markets-tay.
Ve'll go so quick vot ve can to town,
Und pack again 'fore dot sun coomes down.
Shpot! No: ve'll leave oldt Shpot behint."
But Shpot he parked, und Shpot he vhined,
Und soon made out his toggish mind
To shteal avay under dot vagon.

Avay dey vent at a merry pace;
But some sad coomes into dot farmer's face;
Und he said, "Poor Shpot! he did vant to come,
But maype dot's petter he's leaved at home.
He'll vatch de parn, und he'll vatch de cot,
Und keep dose cattles out of de lot."
"I'm not so sure of dot," growled Shpot,
On a dog-trot under dot vagon.

So soon as all dose tings vas sold,
Und he gits his pay in silber und gold,
He shtarted home, a quarter past dark,
Across a lonesomely forest. *Hark!*
A robber shumps from pehind a tree:
"Your money or your life!" says he.
It's a cross-eyed moon, so he don't can see
Dot leetle tog under de vagon.

Den Shpot parked vonce, und vonce he vhined,
Und he grapped dot tief py de pants pehind;
He dragged him down in de mud und dirt;
He teared his coat, likevise his shirt;
Und dot tief in de mud got nearly drowned,
Und he don't could rise pooty kvick off de ground;
So his lecks und arms de farmer bound,
Und histed him into dot vagon.

So Shpot he safed de farmer's life,
Also his money, likevise his vife;
Und now a hero grand und gay,
A silber necktie he vears to-day.

He goes verefer his master goes;
Und you bet he holds pooty high his nose,
Mit lots of frients, und not any foes, —
Dot leetle tog under de vagon.

SCHNITZERL'S VELOCIPEDE.

Hans Schnitzerl made a velocipede,
Vone of dot newest kind;
It didn't hafe no vheel before,
Und der vasn't none pehind.

Aber dere vas vone in de middle, dhough,
Dat's shust as sure as eggs;
Und he shtraddled across dot axle,
Mit de vheel between his legs.

Und vhen he vants to shtart it off,
He paddled mit his feet,
Und soon he made it gone so fast
Dat eferytings he beat.

He took it out on Broadway vonce,
Und shkeeted like de vind.
Phew! how he passed dot fancy schaps!
He leafed dem all pehind.

Dem fellers on dose shtylish nags
Pulled up to see him pass;
Und der Deutschers, all ockstonished, cried,
"Potz tauzand! Vas ist das?"

But faster shtill Herr Schnitzerl flew, —
On, mit a ghastly schmile:
He didn't touch de ground, py Jinks,
Not vonce in half a mile.

So vas it mit Herr Schnitzerl
  Und his velocipede:
His feet both shlipped right inside out
  Vhen at its extra shpeed.

He falled upon dot vheel, of course:
  Dot vheel like blitzen flew;
Und Schnitzerl, he vas schnicht in vacht,
  Dot schliced him grode in two.

Hans Breitmann.

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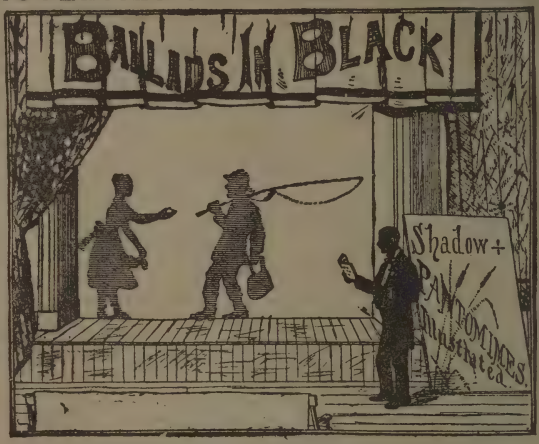

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